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THE RELATIVE VALUE OF THE ACTED AND THE
UNACTED DRAMA.*

THE universal recognition of the division of the Drama of our time, into the Acted and the Unacted, is itself a sufficient proof that there is a power external and foreign to the essential nature of the subject in operation. The Drama would not, more than any other portion of literature, be thus bisected and rent in two, were there not interposing circumstances to thus violate and dismember it. Were it not so, the Drama would be divided into the Accepted and the Rejected—not merely the accepted and rejected of the Theatre, but the accepted and rejected of the Public. But this is not the case; the Unacted Drama is now claiming the attention of the refined and the tasteful. The Press have applauded it as emanating from the efforts of genius; and the highest acted Dramatists themselves confess it is mightier in intellectual power, and stronger in true poetic essence, than the acted. What then is this external and irrelative power that thus separates that which is naturally one: that takes the drama, which is an essential principle, and thus forcibly makes two of it: that places a gulf between these two disjointed portions of one body, and calls the one the Acted, and the other the Unacted Drama? It is the Law—the *perhaps* well-intentioned, but the destructive Law—that does it. It has created an irresponsible power in the patentees; it has handed over to them the entire power of performing the Drama, that is, to reflect Life and Human Nature; it has forced this mighty river, this stupendous overflowing of human genius, this ever-running, mighty stream, supplied by the perpetual fountains of human impulses and changeful circumstances, into a narrow channel, that is, to empty itself into two cisterns: but the swelling flood bursts its unnatural, its unscientific barriers, and breaks into illegal performances, or into the published but *Unacted* Drama.

This Unacted Drama is the true heir of the stage; ousted from its inheritance by the base offspring of the showman and the false

* A Lecture delivered at the Syncretic Association, by Mr. F. G. TOMLINS, Secretary to the Shakespeare Society, Author of "The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature," "A Brief View of the English Drama," "A Lecture on the Nature and State of the English Drama," &c. &c.

Muse. Her very friends have betrayed her—they thought to protect, but have only oppressed her. A false one has taken her seat: a spurious one occupies her territory: and the law that ought to secure her a perpetual palace, has deprived her of a nightly shelter. She is houseless. Fifteen mansions are fitted for her reception, but the law, the mistaken law, forbids them to open their doors to the distressed fair, and, turning to the gates of her rightful dominion, she sees them possessed by false inheritors.

But the Unacted, and consequently the unaided Drama, has at length made some progress; under every disadvantage, with every thing in its disfavour, it has made its way against its well-provided opponent. The Acted Drama, with all the aid of numerous actors, beautiful paintings, charming music—with all the dazzling fascinations that belong to public shows—with fashion, custom, and hereditary predilection in its favour,—has dwindled and degenerated, until the voice of criticism, of the Dramatists themselves, and of the intellectual part of the public, have declared it inferior in mental power to the Unacted;—have declared that, with all the facilities that practice can give, with all the means that experience and knowledge can afford, it is more essentially deficient in *the true elements* of dramatic power, than the Unacted. The Unacted Drama may have awkwardnesses, incongruities, and even absurdities, from its not having the advantages of experience and practical exercise. But that it is great in conception, powerful in expression, strong in originality, and vigorous from its freshness, is allowed. It has again dared to step within the terrific circle of the passions, and to show in appalling strife those never-dying elements of humanity. If I am called to name some of these dramas, I name *The Cenci*—*Alarcos*—*The Bride's Tragedy*—*Cosmo de' Medici*—*Gertrude and Beatrice*—*The Roman Brother*—*Gregory the VIIth*—*The Lords of Ellingham*—*Ethelstan*. These are but a few, and I have no excuse for singling them out from numerous others, but that they happen more particularly to have fallen in my way. I should not have done it at all, but that it has been tauntingly asked, with somewhat of the arrogance of ignorance, "Where are these fine productions? Who are these sucking Shaksperes? Who are these ill-used and embryo mighty ones, that cry for justice for their unlucky offspring?" Here are some of them, I answer; and though I should be sorry to submit the fate of any fine production of genius to the decision of those who confess they argue without information, and who criticise without reading, and whose inclination it seems to be to oppose every effort that has originality, yet I name them, and they can now peruse them, and *then* judge for themselves.

And here let me remark, that the question of the Drama presents innumerable points. It may be considered with regard to its essential qualities. It may be investigated historically. It may be divided into its numerous classes, each of which has its own subdivisions. The effects it produces may be examined. The purposes to which it might be applied, politically and morally, might be shown. It may be dissertated upon as a literary production. Its mechanism may be developed: its relation with the other branches of poetry: the laws which affect it outwardly: the principles which govern it internally. It

may be speculated upon, *ad infinitum*, with respect to its adaptation to a time, to the causes of its dissolution, and as to the means of its revival. It may be illustrated anecdotically. It may be denounced as irreligious. It may be treated as a theory, and it may be taught as a practice. "The Nature and State of the English Drama," has already been the subject of one evening's discourse, as "The Position of the Dramatic Poet" has also been that of another; and "The Condition of Theatrical Literature," "The Indestructibility of the Legitimate Drama," "The Duty of Government to Protect a Sound Drama," have of several other evenings. I allude to these points, that those who visit this Society only occasionally, may have some conception that a subject they descant on may already have been discussed; and also to show, that it is not in an off-hand, or, as it is very cunningly called, a mere common sense glance, that a subject so multifarious in its forms can be dealt with. Where there are numerous circumstances, there will be innumerable relations and combinations; and those who are inclined to be decisive on matters involving many intricate minutiae, should not disdain to inform themselves before they attack, what at least, as the product of purity and taste, merits an attentive examination.

The Acted and the Unacted Drama are then acknowledged to be at issue. The admirers of the Acted Drama look, generally speaking, on the Unacted Drama as the Rejected Drama, and consider that such plays are only printed because they could not be performed. They may, some of them, gain credit as good poems, though, from the mode in which they are alluded to, it seems more than probable they are very little read.

The Unacted Dramatists, on the contrary, say that they are not performed—not because they are incapable of being so, but from a variety of contingencies, produced by the erroneously artificial circumstances connected with the theatres. The chief of these circumstances they consider to be—

THE STATE of the LAW, that narrows the arena of their exhibition;

The power of the Popular Actor, which narrows the Drama to his capacities;

And the vitiation of the taste of audiences, by the kind of theatrical entertainments presented to them:

The two latter being, as I endeavoured to show in my first lecture, the necessary result of the former.

The Unacted Dramatists have cast their productions in a different mould, have framed them upon different principles, and evolved them in different shapes, from the modern acted Dramatists—with the exception of Mr. Knowles. This worthy gentleman and noble writer has won to himself a position, after long succumbing to the wants of the actor, and the demands of the theatre, such as to command success in the purest path. Still to him even the opposing circumstances alluded to are insurmountable impediments, and some of his noblest productions are the most unheeded. The Wife—The Hunchback—and The Bride of Messina, when and how often are they played?

I say, then, with this exception, the Unacted Dramatists proceed on entirely different principles to the Acted; have different aims in view, and desire to produce different results.

They take for their model the Shaksperian Drama: ascending to the vast and bounteous fountain from whence he drew his ever-living lines, they take Nature as their guide, and human life and the human heart as their subjects.

This comprehensive aim includes all the varieties of these manifold existences, and all the endless sympathies and imaginings connected with them. They have furnished three thousand dramas to the English language, and they can afford thrice three thousand more.

But this object is derided as not practical,—denounced as visionary, and in execution pronounced absurd. It is said every age has its taste—to which I answer, and every age has its nature; which nature is indestructible. What would make the Athenians weep, would make us weep—and who does not glow with admiration now, towards Leonidas at Thermopylæ, or venerate Socrates with the poisoned cup in his hand? Go deep enough, and you will reach human nature, through even the tenfold cuirass of modern conventionalities. Human manners may alter, but the human passions ever burn, even in the cold sepulchral atmosphere of an artificial and sordid civilization.

Here then the Unacted Dramatist anchors.—In the roadstead of human existence he will continue to ride, whatever “airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell” may try to break his moorings, or “whistle him down the wind to prey at fortune.”

The Unacted Dramatist, then, has faith in humanity. He is a poet, and not only a playwright; and depends upon his poetic capacity to move and control his audience. For this it is he is chiefly condemned by his opponents. He is told even by some, (certainly the very illiterate,) that poetry is not necessary to the Drama—and one Acted Dramatist went so far as to imply to another, that the Drama itself was not even a part of literature. I allude to one of the most popular of the blood and murder school, who, when Mr. Jerrold* told him he was writing for the Magazines, exclaimed, “Oh! then you have cut *us*, and are going to take to *literature*.” It was certainly an excellent distinction, as related to his own productions, but showed an utter darkness as to the capacities of the art he was abasing.

If dramatists say such things, some excuse may be made for the public; but it is a notion as false as it is injurious.

Poetry has had so many definitions that it is dangerous to attempt one, but all will agree that some of our finest poetry has been produced by our dramatists. The word Poetry is, perhaps, used more loosely than any other. With some it means only verse or rhyme: with others, passionate utterances—didactic couplets—descriptive landscapes—glowing images—tender sentiments—sonorous narrations, or rhetorical discourses. With many it is only something different from prose; and these persons are as surprised as Moliere’s *Gentilhomme Bourgeois*, when they are told that the Book of Job is one of the noblest poems the world ever possessed. The poetry that the true Drama requires is of the highest and rarest kind. It is vast in its

* Having mentioned Mr. Jerrold’s name, I need scarcely allude to his just popularity, and to the pungency of his wit and the truthfulness of his pathetic writing; nor can there be a greater instance of the error of things theatrical, than that one so capable of producing a high five act drama should never have done so.

conception, and includes every form under which it can show itself. It is "of imagination all compact." It "bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turning them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." This is the poetry, as it is the language, of Shakspeare. He and his great compeers are not the greatest of poets from their descriptions, their eloquence, their narrations, their didactic poetry, their sentiments; but because their plays are perfect *conceptions* in themselves,—complete—compact—homogeneous and true in themselves: they *created* a play, without profanity I speak it, as the world was created;—and why had they, or any like them, this great power, but because the human soul and intellect is an emanation of Divinity—and because it is made in the form and image of its Creator.

They *conceived* a play—various in its parts—multitudinous in its combinations—as a perfect whole—whole, because all was necessary to its existence. This is poetry of the highest kind, and this is the poetry of the drama.

And this brings us close up to the point at question. The Modern Acted Dramatist (with one or two exceptions, Knowles and Talfourd), does not conceive a play; he does not create a world; but he makes the imitation of one with various pieces of *materiel* that he puts together according to the rules of the trade. He puts it together in a very cunning manner perhaps; and he decks it out with rhetoric and wit, according to the market for which he intends it, or the demand that exists at the time. It is a very ingenious thing—it may have many excellencies—but it is not of the best kind; though, according to the old saw, it may be the best of its kind.

The construction of this kind of drama is an art, an ingenuity, a knack;—and, in some cases, a trick—and in others not even an art, but an artifice. For instance, an appeal to the popular feelings relating to the poor law—or the birth of the Princess—the continual reproduction of hackneyed situations—the discovery of children by their parents, and the reverse—the suspension of executions—the relieving distress with stage bank notes, &c. &c.;—all these things can at any time produce a sensation in a theatre,—but though the crowd applaud, the judicious grieve. If the workmanship cover the penury of the thought—we may admire that; but still it is not then the dramatic power we recognize, but the intellectual dexterity.

The best instance of this is Elliston's impromptu *coup de theatre*,—who, in the war time, when the political feelings were highly excited, had kept the Portsmouth audience waiting till they were enraged. The manager was in an agony; but Elliston was all nonchalance; at last he was dressed, when, walking leisurely to the wing, he made a plunge on to the stage, rushed to the lamps, and waving his hat, cried, "King George, Lord Nelson, and Old England for ever!" at which the pit rose, and the house gave three cheers.

This was certainly effective, but as certainly not dramatic. It had, however, quite as much to do with the dialogue as many of the fine things that are frequently forced into, or rather written to order for, the mouth of the prominent character.

It is assumed, and I must say I think rather illiberally assumed, that

the efforts making by this Association are the endeavour of a few rejected authors to get their plays performed ; now, this is not the case.—There are undoubtedly authors of published and unacted plays amongst us ; but there are also many, (the great majority,) who stand entirely free from the possibility of such an imputation, either by being successful authors, like Mr. Knowles and Mr. Bernard, or authors who never have, or never will, write a play. Mr. Horne has a literary reputation that could be little enhanced by the mere representation of one of his great plays ; and Mr. Heraud has far other and higher grounds for estimation from the public. For myself, I have nothing to complain of from the managers, for my offering was fully and unconditionally and immediately accepted, and has been only prevented from appearing at Covent Garden by the secession of Mr. Macready ; and by the bankruptcy of Mr. Hammond, at Drury Lane. I was a perfect stranger to both, and specially avoided, though I had the means of doing it, encumbering either with any collateral inducements. I, therefore, as well as my fellow labourers, war with things, and not individuals. The absurd state of the law, the undue position of the actor, both as regards his power and his payment—and the low state of the taste of audiences, are evils which we seek to remedy from the same motive that induces other men to pin butterflies into boxes, gallop over hedges after dogs, or gratify whatever taste has merged into a passion. We consider *ours* reasonable, and we know it to be pure.

The imputation of motives is ever considered the meanest, as it is the easiest, mode of attack. It is inadmissible in all well regulated contests.

The other attacks made on the Unacted Dramatists are equally unworthy of their regard. To call names is little better than to impute motives. If it hurt us to be called sucking Shaksperes—Great Unknowns—mightily injured ones, &c.—we should deserve these epithets—and could be “brained by my lady’s fan.” Shakspeare, while one of the Unacted of his day, was styled by the Acted Dramatists (how far less liberal and less enlightened than our worthy compeers!) a *Johannes Factotum*—a *Shakescene*—a *Jackdaw*, &c. &c.

With the literal and unimaginative, success is every thing. They have no other standard of merit than public applause—and no other guide to excellence than the fiat of men of authority. The unsuccessful is with them a criminal, and the rejected a fool.

The language now used by the opponents of the Unacted Dramas is exactly that used against the Old Dramatists a few years since, until Gifford’s strong sense and caustic sarcasm shamed them into acknowledgment of their power and their beauty. Editions are now multiplying, and Oxford and Cambridge even boast of them.

I will devote the remainder of my discourse to the analyzation of the execution of the Unacted Drama.

I pray you to remember that we are considering *Dramatic*, and not *Theatrical*, representations. Audiences have been delighted in theatres by every possible kind of amusements ; beasts—birds—rope-dancers—conjurers—pantomimes—fantoccini—by one actor—by many. Therefore, the question is not what will move or please an audience, for any or all these things have, as well as farce—opera—ballet—

melo-drame—comedy—tragedy. These admit, too, of various kinds. Audiences have sat contented to the speechifying of "Cato"—to the ranting of "Barbarossa"—to the whining of "Zara"—to the fury of the "Siege of Granada"—to the raving of "Alexander the Great"—to the tameness of Havard's "Charles the First"—to the insipidity of the "Grecian Daughter"—to the inflation of "Tamerlane"—and to the inconceivable mixture of all in the "Castle Spectre."

There is, however, another species of dramatic entertainment which the same audience (strange apparent incongruity!) will listen to with the same attention, and that is what (without disputing as to terms), we will call the intellectual tragedy and comedy—"Macbeth"—"Hamlet"—"Othello"—"Much Ado about Nothing"—"The Merry Wives of Windsor"—"Twelfth Night."

It would seem, therefore, after all, that audiences are very good, easy kind of persons; capable of great variety of enjoyment; not over nice in their tastes—by no means fastidious as to the food placed before them—provided the dishes be costly, and the attendants active and ready. They will eat your plain Norfolk dumpling—your good fat goose—or your prime well fed venison. They care not if they have a little of all in one, and are so indiscriminating as not to distinguish very readily mutton from venison, provided there is plenty of sweet sauce to confuse the palate.

They are particularly precise, however, on a few points, and you must be careful to preserve all ceremonious proprieties; lay the cloth straight; put the spoons at right angles; and say grace with due solemnity. These things done, and the serving men bribed with a few sweet cates for their own particular eating—and a due attention to giving to a few of the more fastidious of the guests a glass or two of the particular vintage they affect, either the romantic or the classic, the rhodomontade or the jocular; and your feast, if served hot, and brought off smartly, will give very fair satisfaction to the gigantic, half dozing, elderly gentleman, ycleped John Bull.

Audiences being thus multifarious in their tastes, who, then, is to predict that they would reject the Unacted Drama, or, at least, some of their dishes, if set before them with clean, though homely grace? John Bull is a good-natured, though sometimes surly old fellow; and who knows, as he is occasionally very shrewd, that he might not like the simplicity as well as pungency of the new dishes.

I am sure the gentlemen who have been hitherto catering for him are not very well able to judge—they have frequently predicted failure that has been crowned with unequivocal success, and, still more frequently, success that has been followed with unequivocal damnation.

If then we appeal from them to the public, surely we are justified in doing so; more especially as we differ not so much on an entire point of novelty, but on the revival of a system supported by the productions of Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, Ford, Hayward, and Webster, who are themselves now Unacted Dramatists, with the exception of a few plays of the first.

Let us examine what was the purport of an Elizabethan Drama. Was it to merely make you laugh or weep?—To produce merely the "luxury of woe," or the titillation of laughter? No! It was "to hold the

mirror up to Nature, to show *Vice* her own image, *Scorn* its own feature, and the very *age* and *body* of the time, its form and pressure." This was, indeed, an aim—and liberally and nobly carried out. This it is that explains to us why the tears that are falling for Ophelia are arrested by the absurdities of the grave-diggers—why the passionate indignation of Hamlet is suspended to read a lesson on the nothingness of humanity as compared with eternity—and why the closing catastrophe of this ample and broad-breasted reflection of life, this epitomized world of passion and thought, is protracted to show the empty impertinencies of Osrick, or the shallow villainies of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. It is done to show "*Vice* her own image, *Scorn* its own feature, and the very *age* and *body* of the time, its form and pressure."

I have heard it regretted by those accounted judges, (and good ones too,) that this should be the case; they say, Why should our sensibilities be arrested?—our feelings violated?—Why should we not leave these damnable faces, and come to the murder?—Why, while our tears are brimming in our eyes, should we not rush to the long-desired torrent, and thus enjoy the luxury of woe?

I am equally surprised and thankful when I consider the miraculous manner in which the Elizabethan Dramatists spurned at all such short cuts to success. I almost worship them, when I see them so magnanimous as to risk ruin and misrepresentation to preserve the high purport of the drama—vindicating, by their own faith, the catholicity of their art, and soaring so high into the scorching rays of truth as to be obscured from the feeble vision of the most of their spectators.

They were, *indeed*—

"Not for an age, but for *all* time."

They aimed not to send their "hearers weeping to their beds." They were not gratified by the mere acknowledgment of their power, nor the indiscriminating flattery of wonder and ignorance. They were philanthropists and philosophers, as well as poets—and, therefore, they taught the great lesson of life. They measured the value of all things. In nature, said they, there are no defined lines—no posts and rails to mark the boundaries—no brick walls to hide the view. The funeral knell and the marriage peal ring together. The love-lorn delicate Ophelia is descanted on by clowns. The princely Hamlet is betrayed by knaves. A skull yields a lesson that Plato might have listened to. A spirit breaks the secret of the grave to kill a foolish old courtier. A fop, who thinks only of a fashion, is the instrument of death to all that beauty could desire, or poet imagine, of princely nobility and manly love. A foolish play is the prologue to the woful death of gross appetite and female frailty, in the persons of a powerful potentate and his queen. And a flourish of trumpets blows away, as it were, with its breath, this fierce combat of mortal elements, puffing away the coil, twined of the severest sufferings of the human heart, as though they were straws caught for a moment into action by the tiny whirlwind of a breeze's eddy.

Dull must be the mind,—duller, indeed, "Than the fat weed that roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,"—that is not stirred by this—that is not wound up into a harmony of contemplation of life and its here-

after—of the present and the future—of the known and the unknown—and, thus subdued to reflection, made gentler, wiser, and better. He goes to his bed, not with the tears of factitious sorrow glistening on his cheeks, which he derides as a trick practised on his sympathies, consoling himself that it is not true; but his heart has been struck—his being has been stirred to its remotest depths; and, like a stricken child, he is humble, contrite, and meditative, and a motion is imparted to his soul that impels it to a better and nobler aim. To use the effective words of Horne, “their experience has been made his,” and he thus has lived years in knowledge, though but hours in actual existence.

Such and so noble do I believe to be the purport of the Unacted Drama of this day, equally magnanimous in its course, almost equally powerful in its fulfilment. I believe the greatness of the heart expands the intellect. The nobleness of their purpose has kindled their imagination. Genius is doomed to suffer from small impediments—but it can shake them like dew-drops from a lion’s mane. I love them for their tender sympathy with all humanities. I admire them for their potent powers of expression. I revere them for their undaunted courage in revealing truth in all its naked splendour. They are my rivals and my superiors, but I value their love and their companionship more than all the thunders of applause that a Coliseum, with its thousand echoes, could bestow upon me.

I will conclude with a brief summary of my reasons for supposing the Unacted Drama fitted to be the Acted of this age, and the noblest of the kind since the extinction, in 1647, of the first mighty race of English Dramatists. I hope it is scarcely necessary for me to declare, that when I say the Unacted Drama, I do not mean every play printed, or in manuscript, that has not been represented, but those plays that seem to me to be worthy to be called Dramatic productions.

Every species of representation, involving action and imitation, may be styled Dramatic. Action, whether of the mind or matter, is the essential and vital fibre that defines what is dramatic from what is not. As we all know, the word Drama is derived from the Greek verb, signifying to act—and, therefore, whatever exhibition partakes of action, is more or less dramatic. But, as I have before said, persons assembled in a theatre may be there delighted with much that is not dramatic. For a hundred years it was the fashion to suspend the action with long narrations and speechifying, as is proved by the tragedies of the last century, pretending to be formed on the classical model, and in a logical method.

And I believe, now, the Italian Opera-house, crammed to the ceiling, might be induced to hear with delight, the First Book of “Paradise Lost,” or Byron’s “Lara,” recited by a competent elocutionist.

The question, therefore, at issue is, whether the Acted or the Unacted Dramatists have most knowledge of the powers of human attention and sympathy, and an appreciation of the true principles of the Dramatic Art. I will assert that there are more, many more, lines and speeches in the “Duchess de la Valliere,” “Richelieu,” “Mary Stuart,” “Ion,” “The Athenian Captive,” “Glencoe,” “Werner,” ay, even in the “Lady of Lyons,” suspending the action and emotion,

mirror up to Nature, to show *Vice* her own image, *Scorn* its own feature, and the very *age* and *body* of the time, its form and pressure." This was, indeed, an aim—and liberally and nobly carried out. This it is that explains to us why the tears that are falling for Ophelia are arrested by the absurdities of the grave-diggers—why the passionate indignation of Hamlet is suspended to read a lesson on the nothingness of humanity as compared with eternity—and why the closing catastrophe of this ample and broad-breasted reflection of life, this epitomized world of passion and thought, is protracted to show the empty impertinencies of Osrick, or the shallow villainies of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is done to show "*Vice* her own image, *Scorn* its own feature, and the very *age* and *body* of the time, its form and pressure."

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Such and so noble do I believe to be the purport of the Unacted Drama of this day, equally magnanimous in its course, almost equally powerful in its fulfilment. I believe the greatness of the heart expands the intellect. The nobleness of their purpose has kindled their imagination. Genius is doomed to suffer from small impediments—but it can shake them like dew-drops from a lion’s mane. I love them for their tender sympathy with all humanities. I admire them for their potent powers of expression. I revere them for their undaunted courage in revealing truth in all its naked splendour. They are my rivals and my superiors, but I value their love and their companionship more than all the thunders of applause that a Coliseum, with its thousand echoes, could bestow upon me.

I will conclude with a brief summary of my reasons for supposing the Unacted Drama fitted to be the Acted of this age, and the noblest of the kind since the extinction, in 1647, of the first mighty race of English Dramatists. I hope it is scarcely necessary for me to declare, that when I say the Unacted Drama, I do not mean every play printed, or in manuscript, that has not been represented, but those plays that seem to me to be worthy to be called Dramatic productions.

Every species of representation, involving action and imitation, may be styled Dramatic. Action, whether of the mind or matter, is the essential and vital fibre that defines what is dramatic from what is not. As we all know, the word Drama is derived from the Greek verb, signifying to act—and, therefore, whatever exhibition partakes of action, is more or less dramatic. But, as I have before said, persons assembled in a theatre may be there delighted with much that is not dramatic. For a hundred years it was the fashion to suspend the action with long narrations and speechifying, as is proved by the tragedies of the last century, pretending to be formed on the classical model, and in a logical method.

And I believe, now, the Italian Opera-house, crammed to the ceiling, might be induced to hear with delight, the First Book of “Paradise Lost,” or Byron’s “Lara,” recited by a competent elocutionist.

The question, therefore, at issue is, whether the Acted or the Unacted Dramatists have most knowledge of the powers of human attention and sympathy, and an appreciation of the true principles of the Dramatic Art. I will assert that there are more, many more, lines and speeches in the “Duchess de la Valliere,” “Richelieu,” “Mary Stuart,” “Ion,” “The Athenian Captive,” “Glencoe,” “Werner,” ay, even in the “Lady of Lyons,” suspending the action and emotion,

and therefore undramatic, than can be found in a like number of the Unacted Dramas. I do not say this in disparagement of the former writers. They have a particular aim in view, and they work to a result. They seek to create an interest and sensation in the audience; and if rhetorical writing will do it—if a long description or pathetic narration, a glittering simile, a musical whirl of words, or a tinted mist of images, will secure it, why, they are right, *quoad* their aim; but they are undoubtedly wrong as to their art. I do not carp at them for this; and pray let me assert, once for all, that I acknowledge their talent; I do not deny them this power; but I think it is not exerted in the highest form. I say that plays might be performed, (and there are many in the English language,) that are totally destitute, utterly without any true dramatic power, and that many such have been received by audiences; and I cite "The Mourning Bride," and "The Siege of Damascus."

Well, then, if audiences are so varying in their tastes, I say it is not possible to predicate of them what production, that has any kind of merit, they will not accept. And I also deduce this argument from these facts,—that where the true dramatic principle is preserved, where every syllable is a necessary drop to propel the current of dramatic interest, it must, if duly presented, produce a corresponding effect in audiences.

I do not despair of seeing audiences again listen to *the whole* of the chronicle plays of Shakspeare. I do not despair of seeing the fine scene of the fourth act of Othello restored; as well as every syllable of "Hamlet" and of "Coriolanus," without the bombast claptrap of Thompson, about Britannia's naval glory, being thrust in to excite the audience to a political phrenzy in the last act. We are fast coming to this. Mr. Macready made some steps towards it: but they were made with little faith and great trepidation. He could not abandon Thompson. He made up in gorgeousness what he imposed by restoration. He gilded the pill, he sugared the draught, until they almost lost their potency. I make no attack on that highly cultivated artist, by saying this. What he did, he did well, and it was well intentioned; but the facts are such as I have stated. Others will, in time, do more, not because they are greater, but because they feel that audiences have moved towards them, not they towards audiences.

Are these men, then, fit judges of the Unacted Drama? They reject the principle which animates it, in the works of the highest poets in our language; and is it likely they will recognize it in the productions of unknown men, in whom it appears to their theatrically educated minds as utter madness and folly. They have cut and hewed at the perfect conceptions of Shakspeare, saying that this part is not actable, and that that portion requires amending, from Nahum Tate, the Psalm versifier, down to Mr. Planché. At last, however, the mist is beginning to grow less dense that has obscured men's minds to the purport of the original Poet, and it is dawning upon them that they had better adhere to the author; and it will soon burst upon them in a meridian blaze, that *all* that the Poet has uttered is requisite to the complete development of his conception.

The Unacted Dramatist, fortified as he is by the approbation of the

best judges, both literary and artistic, is, then, justified in making a stand on his own principles. He is not contumacious in not deferring to the judgment of managers and actors, nor to any persons arguing on their principles.

He says, that these gentlemen differ so completely in principle, that he cannot abide by their decision after trial, much less before. They look (and rightly, as far as they are concerned) only to the entertainment of the public, and the excitement of applause to their own exertion. An actor and a manager think only of what (in their parlance) *takes*; they are frequently surprised at what does *take*; but as long as it takes, they are satisfied, and, as traders, justly so. The O. P. riot *took*, and was protracted by John Kemble, that illustrious actor, because it *took*.

How little their judgment is to be relied on for what will take, the rejection, by the same most *experienced* judge, of the "Mountaineers," is a proof, as there are hundreds of others. Colman the Elder, that great wit and writer, had "She Stoops to Conquer" forced on him, and predicted most vehemently its damnation. "Fazio" was rejected at Covent Garden Theatre, published, played at the Surrey, and then run at Covent Garden for a whole season, with circumstances disgraceful to the management, but foreign to the present argument—I mean, without remuneration to the author. Tobin wasted his life in trying to get his plays acted; and "The Honey Moon," brought out after his death, has proved a stock piece. "Ion" had run through two editions, and gained the loud and reiterated acclamations of the press, before it was produced, and then only on the benefit night of the leading tragedian; being thus, by the usual courtesy, secured from the expected damnation.

These, surely, are some evidences that plays may be actable, though rejected by the present theatres; and we find this to have been the case in most times. The poet alone has a full sympathy with the poet. Ben Jonson was rejected by the actors and the trading manager, but accepted by his brother poet Shakspeare.

The fact is, that men of ordinary constituted minds—men whose logical faculty may be large, but whose imaginative is feeble—act always from precedent; they can only reason, that what has succeeded, must succeed again. "They have no speculation in their eyes," but keep the beaten highway, until they are forced into new paths by the power of men of genius.

In fact, prose, and not poetry, is demanded by the actor and the manager. Poetry essentially deals with novelty—with new conceptions, new developments, new combinations. The actor, on the contrary (at least of these days), derives his knowledge from his *experience*; acting is, with him, a science. He has learned by rote the mode of touching the sympathies of his audience: and, however narrow the range of his gamut, he insists on the poet never travelling beyond it, but commands him to harp within its hackneyed limits; thus destroying the author's and his own genius. This system sufficiently accounts for the degradation of the Acted Drama of our time; and the production of Unacted Dramas that have genius worthy of the Shaksperian era.

Plays, however, if unillustrated by acting, are hieroglyphics to the general reader; and these productions must lie unnoted by the many, until a future age give them to the life of the theatre, or some popular critic puts his seal on them as genuine, and raises a *fashion* to study them. All we ask is, let the old school go their way, but let us have an opportunity of going ours.

My faith is strong in the capacity of audiences, and the sympathies of an unprejudiced collection of human beings; and I believe that any production of true genius, put properly before a set of tolerably educated men, will gain their attention, and finally their warm regard. You have listened to my lecture; why should others not sit in a larger room with you, and listen to a beautiful poem, recited with all the adornments that graceful elocution, fine painting, and energetic gesture could give to it? why should they not, in fact, listen to the passionate story of "The Hungarian Daughter," fitly acted?

That this period will arrive, I have full faith. I believe a new poetic era is opening; a new cycle of poets has arisen; and that the wants, the wishes, and the woes, as well as the hopes, the joys, and the discoveries, of the present age will find a voice in the Unacted, and the even yet Unwritten, Dramas of England.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved of me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please."

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

It frequently occurs to boys of an equal age, but of very unequal rank and fortune, to spend their earliest years at the same school; wealthy parents not considering such a disparity of situation of any material consequence, while their sons are yet children as it were; although, with the generous and warm-hearted, such early and unreserved association often produces a friendship, which survives to the latest period of life, and which is proof against all the vicissitudes of fortune, either of sudden and dazzling elevation, or dejecting and soul-sickening depression!

Such was singularly the case with respect to Charles Fairfax and Edwin Seymour. The former, born to rank, wealth, and idleness—the only son of blindly indulgent parents, who divided the deep store of their hearts' affection between him and his infant sister Madeline. Edwin Seymour was an only son too, but, alas! of a widowed and needy mother—her only child indeed, but destined to a life of toil, anxiety, confinement, and emulation—an artist's, as his father's had been before him—to die, perhaps early, like him too, of the conscious mortification

of real talent being allowed to spend itself for nought in its native soil!

As Mr. Bray's academy for young gentlemen was but a short distance from home, poor Mrs. Seymour made a desperate struggle to give her darling boy something like a general education, before he should become totally absorbed in his profession. She therefore sent him as a weekly boarder for a few years, enduring incredible privations to find the necessary funds to disburse even his very moderate expenses; but what will not a mother endure, for an only and highly-gifted child? more than the colder-hearted can possibly comprehend!

Young Fairfax went, not from the same necessity, but because his parents could not part with him for a longer time.

Edwin was of a mild contemplative disposition, doubtless from an early familiarity with sorrow and privation, for the vivacity of infancy is soon checked, and the young spirit saddened, by gloom and misery. Charles, on the contrary, was all hilarity, joyousness, and ardour, full of sanguine hopes and enthusiastic enterprize. Yet, from the first hour of their meeting were they drawn together by that imperceptible chord of adamant which friendship twines around the heart, to solace and console for the untoward strokes of unpropitious destiny; for between two such persons, although it is considered quite mutual, still, the poorest derive most pleasure from a sincere and ardent affection, naturally from their sources of gratification being more limited, which enables them fully indeed to appreciate the blessings they possess.

Saturday after Saturday had Mrs. Seymour the inexpressible delight of clasping her pure noble-minded boy to her palpitating heart, and smiling a cordial welcome on his youthful companion. For Charles must be where Edwin was, and Edwin must be with his mother—so, as he was but a boy, and could not possibly be injured by the connection, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax allowed him to gratify his whim without opposition, trusting to time to awaken a proper pride for his superior station, and teach him that a poor artist, however honourable and respectable his character, was no fitting companion for the heir of their wide domains.

Never was expectation more fallacious—for his boyish predilections, so far from yielding to the suggestions of an ungenerous and illiberal pride, “grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength,” and years after, when Edwin had made some considerable progress in his profession, and Charles had spent more than one term at Oxford, might the two young men be seen linked arm in arm, on a fine summer's evening, strolling through the luxuriant meadows, near the scene of their first intimacy, revelling in the mutual interchange of ardent and still unsophisticated feeling; dearer to each other than ever from the experience they had both gained of the hollowness of the world, and the selfishness of mankind generally.

His parents had long ceased to offer any obstacle to an intercourse now firmly established by time and reflection, having themselves acquired almost a veneration for the unblemished characters of both Edwin and his mother; so imposing is rectitude of conduct and undeviating principle.

So that nothing, in fact, was wanting to complete Charles's happiness,

but to endeavour to persuade his sister Madeline to partake in the charms of their highly intellectual society, confident she must be improved by an association with a woman of such superior endowments as Mrs. Seymour; her own mother relying on the absolute despotism of wealth to bear down any little deficiencies in her daughter's education, which was sadly superficial, as is too often the case among young ladies who are to have a large fortune,—the omnipotence of money being considered an equivalent for the want of every useful and domestic qualification.

Madeline readily acquiesced in the opinion of her beloved brother about the advantage to be derived from so desirable an acquaintance. She was young, artless, and totally inexperienced, having seen nothing of what is called life—not having “come out yet,” as it is termed; that is, the pure lustre of her soul had not been tarnished by the sophisms of the world, nor the natural expansion of feeling contracted by its cold and repelling doctrines of “decorum, propriety of deportment, and proper self-pride,” which is only instilling into the young, warm heart, a haughty contempt and abhorrence of those whom fortune has most unjustly neglected.

She, therefore, unhesitatingly promised to call on Mrs. Seymour on an early day, conceiving, that if her parents allowed Charles such an unrestrained intercourse with the son, they could not possibly object to her occasionally visiting his truly respectable mother—thus, young people will always judge for themselves, and too frequently form erroneous opinions in consequence! So, one afternoon, when she was fully impressed with the idea that the two friends were absent on a fishing excursion, she raised the modest latch of Mrs. Seymour's pretty flower garden, and presented herself suddenly before the astonished and delighted group, who were just sitting down to tea, in a beautiful arbour, constructed by Edwin himself, and which afforded a glimpse of the fine old church spire, and other rural objects, so dear to the eye of taste.

She was considerably disconcerted at first, at finding Edwin and Charles there, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she apologized to Mrs. Seymour for her very unceremonious appearance, protesting, “that she had so often heard her brother expatiate, in the most rapturous terms, on the beauty of the cottage and garden, that she could not resist the temptation, as she and Rose (a large Newfoundland dog) were passing, stepping in to judge for herself; although,” she added, blushing painfully, “if I had known that you were not quite alone, I should certainly have deferred my visit.”

“Dear Miss Fairfax, pray do not regret the flattering compliment you have now conferred on us!” exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, gratefully; adding encouragingly, “it is only my son Edwin, and your own brother!” But “only my son Edwin!” appeared to Madeline a very fine handsome young man, and by no means to be thought so lightly of, as his mother's easy expression implied.

Edwin now handed her a chair, for, until then, they had all stood irresolute, from her first entrance amongst them; and Mrs. Seymour most persuasively entreated her to honour them still more, by joining their little tea party.

Madeline glanced inquiringly at Charles, but he immediately destroyed any latent scruple she might have, about the propriety of complying with such a request, under existing circumstances, by saying, "Pray do, dear Madeline! it will make them so happy, and I will explain all about it at home satisfactorily, you may rely on it!"

Her own secret inclination being thus sanctioned by her brother, and feeling also a confidence in his presence and protection, Madeline yielded to the pleasing novelty of her situation, which appeared fraught with every thing delightful to her. Edwin's respectful attentions; his mother's enlightened and varied powers of conversation; Charles's exuberant gaiety, and even Rose's evident state of conscious enjoyment, all added to its enchantment.

Like every one else too, accustomed only to the greatest luxuries, she fancied everything possessed a higher flavour, declaring "that she had never tasted such tea! and as for the cream, and bread and butter, they were delicious!" These assertions she practically bore out, by accepting slice after slice from the delighted Edwin, with all the unaffected artlessness of a happy light-hearted girl, laughing, chatting, and forgetting the time entirely.

Never had Edwin passed such an afternoon, never had Charles appeared so animated and amiable! never had his mother looked better, or more lady-like.

Oh! every thing was quite perfect; and what soft eyes, what silky hair, what a complexion and sweet smile, had Madeline Fairfax! what a face to paint! what a form to idolize! what a vision of loveliness to muse on by day, and dream of by night!

"The bloom of op'ning flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring."

When a sufficient time had elapsed, after that delightful afternoon, to satisfy the scrupulous delicacy of Madeline's mind, that it could not by any possibility be construed into a return for the trifling civility she had received, (conscious that those who are rich in all save money are sensitively alive to every shadow of obligation, and feel each act of kindness as almost a reproach to their poverty,) she sent a splendid present to Mrs. Seymour, consisting of a richly embroidered velvet shawl, and a pair of slippers, beautifully done by herself, the design of the latter being, "The Forget-me-not," and a "True Lover's Knot," fancifully entwined together.

The kind little note which accompanied these gifts, signified that they were both for Mrs. Seymour, but the slippers were preposterously too large for her, at the same time, by a most fortunate chance, they fitted Edwin exactly. This discovery in some measure reconciled his mother's mortified vanity, at Madeline's so egregiously mistaking the size of her foot, which was exceedingly small, and neatly formed, and which she prided herself greatly upon, in consequence of her husband's having taken it, on more than one occasion, for the model of some celebrated beauty's. Edwin carried off his precious prize in triumph—allowing full scope to the most extravagant imagination that ever pictured Elysian hopes, even to a young enthusiastic artist, about their

fitting him, instead of his mother ; the only thing he ever robbed her of without compunction. Let not the reader, however, suppose that foot ever profaned them after that first happy essay ! No ! they were religiously consigned for ever to a small cabinet, to which he alone had access, but from whence they were out so often to be kissed, admired, and wept over, in the grateful fulness of a warm passionate heart, that their brilliant colours soon became as tarnished as if they had been constantly worn for months.

Never, since the time of Cinderella, had slippers caused such a sensation ! but what appears trifling and ridiculous to common observers, is regarded by the lover with the same veneration as that which forces the knee of the devout pagan to bow reverentially before his strange and grotesque looking idol.

“ How oft the wither'd rose is blest,
That's perish'd on some beauteous breast !
Dearer to love that faded rose,
Than jasper which in Egypt glows ;
Or diamond, with its piercing ray,
Like errant star that's lost its way,
And petrified then with affright,
Remains so cold, and hard, and bright.”

Madeline now became a frequent visiter at the cottage,—not exactly with the concurrence of her parents, however, nor contrary to their wishes, as they never, in fact, questioned her on any of her movements, taking for granted that she could not get into any harm. Had they, she would have candidly and unhesitatingly confessed all, never intending for one moment to conceal the truth ; at the same time, she felt a reluctance to volunteer a confession of her intimacy with the Seymours. And thus, from the culpable indolence of her mother, and the pre-occupation of her father, she was left at full liberty to pursue the bent of her own inclination, perfectly satisfied that Charles was cognizant and approved of it.

I will not take upon myself to say positively how often she and Edwin met besides in their daily walks, (quite accidentally of course,) since that memorable evening, but certainly more than once !—for it so happened, that just as Madeline was taking her accustomed stroll by the side of the beautiful winding stream which skirted her father's plantations, accompanied only by her faithful Rose, Edwin was also sure to come there, in search of the picturesque. At first, they both expressed extreme surprise at the remarkable coincidence, but their meeting soon grew into so confirmed a habit, that the astonishment was, if they did not encounter each other.

Mrs. Fairfax quietly observed, one evening, after an unusually protracted absence,—“ Really, Madeline, I think you grow fonder of solitary rambles than ever ; I wonder how you can feel any pleasure in them, with only a dumb animal for your companion ! for my part, I always considered half the enjoyment of a stroll was having some one to speak to ! Mind you do not hurt your health, my love ! you look thin, I fancy !”

Here was a favourable moment for Madeline to have acknowledged an intercourse which was becoming almost oppressive to her mind—to

have confessed that her only companion was not a dumb animal, but one gifted with most persuasive eloquence—to have agreed with her mother, that *even more* than one half of the enjoyment of a stroll depended on having some one to speak to. But an indefinable timidity sealed her lips, and she allowed it to pass, blushing with conscious shame at her fond mother's unsuspectingness, and then hurrying off to the privacy of her own chamber, to weep with bitter regret, at not having instantly undeceived her. So painful is it to an ingenuous mind, to suffer any one dear to us to place an undeserved and unlimited confidence in our actions.

About this time Edwin was busily engaged in completing a picture for the ensuing Exhibition, the first he had ever had the temerity of offering to the public, and which was, through the kind influence of a friend, to be placed in a really favourable situation—as all depended on his success—his mother's entire support, his own future fame and fortune!

At its commencement (which was before Madeline's first visit), his anxious and devoted mother passed every moment of the day in the little studio of her darling boy, to encourage his efforts by her commendations, and to beguile the tedium of labour and confinement, by her animated and judicious conversation. But latterly, to her great mortification, he affected to be able to paint better, and faster, alone! His mother's gentle heart fainted in her bosom, at this cruel intimation—this first estrangement of affection and unbounded confidence; but with a silent prayer to Heaven, to bear this worst, severest trial, she slowly retired to weep in agony over it, and that without one word of exposition, one word of reproach for the long long years of lavish tenderness bestowed on him—when her presence *could* afford pleasure—when her advice *was* valued—and when her love *was* returned! No! no! a mother's heart can only mourn, it cannot blame.

"If application," thought Mrs. Seymour, "is any sign of the progress of a work towards completion, the picture must soon be finished," for Edwin confined himself more closely to his studio than ever, his only relaxation being his dear evening walk; yet to her extreme disappointment and mortification, when, at the expiration of a fortnight of her cruel banishment, she stole a peep at it, during his short absence, it really appeared in precisely the same state as she had left it.

It was, however, ready by the time, and reflected the greatest credit on Edwin's talents, and was moreover sold, on the second day's exhibition, for a very considerable sum. But there was the portrait of a young lady, hung just under it, which attracted general attention, and the intimation of "Not for sale," affixed to it, awakened even a stronger degree of admiration. Many a curious and inquiring glance was directed to the Catalogue, to ascertain the name of the gifted artist, particularly by the fair sex, but strange to say, either from accident or design, it was omitted.

Mrs. Seymour had insisted, cost what it might, to take a respectable suite of apartments in town, for a month, for her dear Edwin to be near the scene of his triumphs. The Fairfaxes were there also for the season, so that he and Charles met daily as usual. But the precious

stolen rambles were interrupted for a time, "only for a time!" thought both poor Edwin and Madeline too.

"I wish you joy of your success, from my soul," exclaimed Charles, bursting into Edwin's room on the second evening after their arrival; "your landscape has sold gloriously! I heard it very highly extolled, I assure you; and had it not been for that confounded portrait of a young lady, hung most provokingly just under it, I really believe, without the slightest flattery, that Mr. Edwin Seymour's picture would have been unanimously admitted to be the gem of the Exhibition! Although," continued the volatile young man, not allowing Edwin time to reply; "I ought really to be more affectionate and gallant, for, upon my life, it is wonderfully like Madeline, although so beautiful!" Here Edwin accidentally dropped a pencil he had been most industriously destroying, under pretence of pointing it, and took an unaccountably long time in picking it up again.

"I am sure you would be quite surprised at the resemblance it bears to her, Edwin. I declare, I never was struck with my sister being so beautiful before! I should like to have bought it, for the fun of the thing, but it is not for sale, nor is the artist known, I believe. Some romantic fellow, no doubt, who thus exhibits his 'ladye-love,' to enjoy the triumph of her charms. It cannot be his sister, as no man ever thinks her worth the trouble of painting."

"How you talk!" replied Edwin; "as if a man's sister could not be as beautiful, and as worthy to exercise one's talents, as any other woman. O!" he continued in a voice of inexpressible tenderness, "had I had one, Charles, even if she had not been so gifted as yours, I should have considered her as the loveliest—the most perfect of created beings! One *may* so love a sister, and she is so sure to return the affection, with even more than equal warmth!"

"Yes, as long as she has no one else to lavish the tenderness of her heart upon, I grant you, a brother stands a very fair chance of being almost idolized, for the '*besoin d'aimer*' is inherent in the sex; but they soon learn to transfer the preference to some more amiable object, I can tell you. Why even Madeline, who has no such excuse, I know, is not half so kind and attentive as she was a few months since; she is more abstracted somehow—quite as bad as if she really had a lover! By the bye," he rattled on; "we are all going to look at this wonder, to-morrow, and I have engaged for you to escort Madeline—we will call in the carriage for you and Mrs. Seymour, so hold yourselves in readiness, mind!"

"Oh! I really cannot be one of the party!" exclaimed Edwin. "I hope sincerely, that you have not mentioned the plan to Miss Fairfax."

"But I have, indeed! and Miss Fairfax is at this moment rejoicing over a new bonnet, most opportunely arrived for the occasion, for, '*entre nous*,' she fully intends to make a conquest of the future President of the Royal Academy. So, you see, there is no escape!" saying which, he took his departure, leaving Edwin in one of the deepest reveries that even he, prone as he was to yield to the mighty magic of imagination, had ever indulged in.

"Here was a change! the Fairfaxes coming in their carriage for him and his mother! his own blessed mother! O talent! that is thy greatest reward! Himself to have the felicity of accompanying the beautiful—the rich—the courted Miss Fairfax, to one of the most public places in town—in the height of the fashionable season—chosen by her own brother—sanctioned by her own parents. Oh! if it is a dream, may I never, never wake again! Yes! dearest, sweetest Madeline!" continued the enthusiast; "you shall enjoy the triumph of art—for it was you, and you alone, who inspired it!"

It may at first appear singular, that Edwin should have started the slightest objection to Charles's delightful proposal, but it arose entirely from a natural impulse. Had it been to have gone with Madeline alone, even to a desert, his heart would have leaped out of his bosom, to have testified his joy; but he was so conscious of the state of *that* heart, that he dreaded the scrutiny of her parents—he dreaded Charles's unmerciful raillery—he even dreaded his own mother's tender penetration,—however, he resolved to school it to reserve and composure—he resolved to meet Madeline with the cold and distant politeness of a stranger, and this resolve reconciled him to his approaching trial.

It may at first appear even more singular still, that Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax should be so willing, all of a sudden, to parade publicly a young man, whom they had suffered for more than twenty years to reside within a mile of them, without exchanging one word of common civility—without irradiating with one sunbeam of their superfluous wealth, the obscurity of his and his adored mother's dark and oppressive poverty. But their present attentions arose from a natural impulse too; they were proud to be thought the patrons of a person of *now* acknowledged genius, by their fashionable friends, and they secretly exulted in the idea, that Charles's great intimacy furnished them with a plausible pretext for seeking Edwin's acquaintance, without the true cause of their change of manner being suspected by him; but had his heart been less pre-occupied than it was, he would have not only suspected the base motive of their kindness, but have spurned it with honest indignation also; now, he saw in them only the parents of the woman he idolized, and, as such, entitled to his warmest gratitude and esteem. Nor were they totally unworthy of these more exalted feelings, their hearts being really kind and benevolent, but benumbed by the apathetic torpor of luxury, and required some adventitious circumstance to kindle them to action. And this, Edwin's great celebrity completely effected.

After a sleepless but happy night, Edwin arose with a deeper flush on his cheek, and a brighter fire in his eye, than his mother had beheld for years. "How handsome he is!" she thought; "how like his dear departed father!" for women always aver, if their sons be handsome, that they are the breathing images of what their husbands were at the same age; as a proud testimony to their own girlish taste, and a proof of the power of those charms, which could triumphantly bear off such a prize from so many lovely competitors as generally dispute the possession of a really handsome man.

Punctually at the appointed hour the carriage arrived in Jermyn Street. Mrs. Fairfax met Mrs. Seymour most graciously; Mr. Fairfax shook Edwin most cordially by the hand—Charles was affectionate as usual, and Madeline laughed—blushed, and was most beautifully giddy—not knowing exactly what she did.

Mr. Fairfax caught the infection of her mirth, and imparted it to all the group; and every thing went on most delightfully, until, unfortunately, Charles caught Edwin stealing a furtive glance at the dangerous bonnet, when he whispered to his sister what he had said about it to Edwin,—this suffused her face instantly with the deepest crimson.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,” continued the incorrigible madcap; “but that is not Madeline’s fate, for just look at her cheeks now!”

“Don’t tease me, dear Charles, pray!” she exclaimed imploringly, for a susceptible girl cannot endure the idea of being made the object of ridicule, however good-naturedly, before the man she imagines loves her. “I cannot bear it just now!” and here she wept outright; for she too had had her struggles about meeting Edwin, for the first time in the presence of her parents, and she had worked herself up into a state of unnatural excitement and high spirits, the more effectually to conceal her bashfulness and agitation; and now the re-action was come with all its subduing and overwhelming power.

Edwin longed to speak one soothing word to her—to assure her of his unbounded sympathy and regret, but he dared not.—“Would it be becoming in him, a stranger, as he was considered, to condole with Miss Fairfax, for the sorrow her *own* brother had occasioned her?” he thought. But Mrs. Seymour, forgetful of all save the womanly tenderness of her nature, did soothe—did console and caress Madeline. “How natural it seemed for *his* mother, to dry her tears! how natural it seemed for Madeline to clasp *his* mother’s hand, and look up in her face, with her own sweet beaming smile again!” Edwin forgot, in contemplating this exquisite scene, his transient anger towards Charles for annoying her; and his unaffected regret—his tender kiss—his affectionate embrace, soon restored Madeline’s ruffled temper; and they all felt, after a time, the happier from this trifling incident, as it had brought them to their wonted state of feeling, and seemed to have drawn them imperceptibly closer to each other, by destroying the ceremonious restraint they at first observed.

On reaching the Exhibition, they hastened to scrutinize the picture, which was the ostensible motive of their visit to it. At the first glance, Mrs. Fairfax exclaimed, her eyes suffused with tears of delight, “It must be our own Madeline; look! if there is not her own very dimple, and her dear little mole on her cheek!” Madeline gazed in silent wonderment, “for if it were not her portrait, it certainly was her dress, and the identical one worn on her first visit to the Seymours!” Mr. Fairfax endeavoured to conceal the proud emotions of his heart, while contemplating this lovely duplicate of his daughter, under an assumed gaiety, for men always consider (most erroneously) that any display of tenderness is derogatory to the nobleness of their nature; but there is invariably

an unnatural awkwardness in their forced mirth, which betrays the real state of their feelings.

Charles protested, "it was too beautiful for Madeline!" Edwin and his mother were silent—he, because he did not think it beautiful enough—and she, from the intuitive tact of a woman, having some very peculiar thoughts on the subject.

On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax invited them most pressinglly to dine with them, which was most warmly seconded by Charles, while Madeline's breath grew thick with expectation. As if her soul were identified with her son's, without a word or even a glance at him, Mrs. Seymour gratefully accepted the invitation; and she instantly perceived, by the flush of delight which overspread Edwin's countenance, that their feelings were in perfect unison. How beautiful, how holy is that tender intuitiveness of sentiment between a mother and her child!

After this, there was an almost daily intercourse between the two families; Mrs. Fairfax declaring, "that she considered Mrs. Seymour quite an acquisition to her parties,—she was so intelligent and lady-like; and as for her son, he really was charming!"

Edwin finding the tide of public opinion set completely in his favour, seized the golden occasion, and immediately sent for eight other highly finished ones, which he had in the country, and which sold within a fortnight, realizing, together with his first landscape, fifteen hundred pounds, which he, in a transport of joy, placed in his mother's lap, and then hurried off to weep in secret, at this exquisite consummation of his long cherished hopes,—independence for her. "Here was wealth!" he forgot that it had taken twelve years of toil, privation, and confinement—twelve years of the sunniest portion of his life to obtain it! No! all, all was forgotten, except, that he was no longer a beggar—except, that his mother's long and patiently endured struggles were now for ever over! For besides this immediate accession of fortune, he received commissions to paint pictures from several noblemen highly distinguished for their love of the arts, with a promise of a princely remuneration at their completion. It cannot be denied, that however strong their predilection may be for the old masters, the nobility and gentry of England are certainly most munificent patrons of modern artists.

One day, soon after their return home, Edwin was seated pensively in the dear old arbour, when he was agreeably interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Charles, whom he thought still in town, although the rest of the family had been down some time.

"I think I shall rather surprise you with my news," he observed, fixing his eye keenly on Edwin's face; "there is a prospect of a wedding in the neighbourhood shortly!"

"Indeed! who are the happy couple?"

"Can't you guess? have you no idea? whom do you fancy the most likely persons to commit such an act of folly?"

"Why really, upon my honour, I can't imagine!" and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed eagerly, "yourself! dear Charles!"

"No! not myself, but my sister! Edwin."

"What, Madeline! Miss Fairfax! your sister! impossible!"

"Impossible! what, for a pretty girl of eighteen to be married? I don't see that at all! but," he added, laughingly—

" 'Thou look'st a very statue of surprise,
As if a lightning blast had dried thee up,
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.' "

"Oh, Charles!" gasped Edwin, "does she wish it? does she consent to it? or do they force her inclinations?"

"Not in the slightest—they love her too well for that; besides, my father's daughter can afford to wed where her heart is disposed, and in this instance that alone is consulted. But you do not look quite well,—you are fatigued, you really overwork yourself!"

"I fear I do!" rejoined the heart-stricken Edwin, glad of the excuse of indisposition for his perturbation.

"But the best of it is," continued his tormentor; "Madeline has actually fixed her affections on one of your own profession—an artist!"

"An artist! where in the name of Heaven could she meet with him?"

"I don't know that they ever met; but she has taken it into her foolish little head to marry only the gentleman who painted that beautiful unknown we saw at the exhibition—was there ever such a piece of romantic folly heard of?"

"O Charles!" almost screamed Edwin, flinging himself passionately on his neck, "do not, do not deceive me, if you have a grain of pity! I painted it! it is Madeline! it is hidden in my own room at this moment!"

"I knew you did—we all knew it—your mother dreamt about the picture and its concealment; she has dreamt of nothing else but the picture, and what she calls, 'your hopeless love for my sister;' not hopeless though, I trust, dear, dear Edwin, my only friend, my brother!"

"But how has all this happened?" exclaimed Edwin, wonderfully recovered from his late alarming attack, and settling himself comfortably in his seat, like a man who is resolved to hear the end of the account, should it last for hours; and gazing earnestly on Charles, with a countenance radiant with delight, "for it really appears all a dream to me."

"Oh! it is no dream, I assure you, but as perfect a bit of reality, as ever occurred to a son of Fortunata. The fact is, your evening rambles with a certain fair lady have been observed for a long time, by some truly benevolent and amiable person, who, only anxious for your well-being, of course, thought it incumbent to give my father a hint about them, observing, 'that Madeline was young and beautiful; you, young and enthusiastic; and that the writer had lived long enough in this wicked world to know, that no man could be depended on under temptation.'

"This letter gave my father considerable annoyance, as you may suppose; not in the least suspecting Madeline capable of acting so clandestinely,—parents being less clear-sighted than others, in such cases generally.

"After a long and serious deliberation amongst ourselves, in which my mother took no part, however, except to weep excessively, it was

unanimously decided to show the letter to her, and learn, if possible, the real state of her heart. Poor Madeline was completely taken by surprise! The fear of having offended such kind indulgent parents, was the first emotion she expressed, after having carefully perused the letter, while we as carefully perused her varying and ingenuous countenance; then bursting into tears, she exclaimed—falling into her mother's extended arms; 'Forgive me! Oh! pray, pray, forgive me!'

"'My dear love,' said my father tenderly, 'all we want is your happiness—we have nothing to forgive, having not the slightest objection to Mr. Seymour, in any one respect—nay, should positively prefer entrusting our child's future welfare into such high keeping, for he is ardent, honourable, generous, and affectionate; therefore, if there is a mutual attachment existing between you, the sooner we put an end to these unpleasant surmises the better, by at once receiving him as your affianced husband.'

"'Oh, dear papa! I do not know anything about a mutual affection!' she replied in a voice of great trepidation; 'he never said one word about love, that I can recollect; not that I think he has the slightest aversion to me, rather the contrary, perhaps, for he always appeared quite enchanted to see us.'

"'Us! who are us, pray? the letter positively states that you were invariably alone on those occasions!'

"'Yes, papa! so I was, except Rose.'

"'Rose, indeed! why you might as well have been by yourself!'

"'Oh, dear no, papa! I felt perfectly safe with her!'

tested, I am com

"'Well, my dear child, affection, beyond a doubt, whether happy with him?'

"'Happy! papa! oh! very, very, very happy!' she exclaimed, springing from her mother's arms, and rushing into his. 'But how can I be assured of it beyond a doubt?'

"'Then happy you shall be, for I am sure he loves you sincerely, and warmly loves you, Madeline: and I can easily understand why he never broached the subject of his passion to you, in any one of those long delightful stolen walks. And I can easily understand, also, how enchanted he was always to see you; he had too high

a sense of honour to breathe a syllable of that affection, which was wasting his very life, to one whom he esteemed so much his superior, yet only in the meretricious gifts of fortune; and how truly do I applaud and appreciate his delicacy of sentiment! And how do I rejoice at the fortunate accident which has prevented him, perhaps for years, continuing in a hopeless state of uncertainty, crushing his secret passion in his own breast, until he fell a sacrifice to its consuming fire; and then you would have been miserable too.'

" 'Oh, very, very, papa!'

" 'Instead of which, we shall now be indebted to him for the felicity of both our children; for it has long been the secret conviction of both myself and your mother, that the example of his great self-exertions—his sacrifices—his exalted sentiments—and his devotion to his widowed parent, have had a most beneficial effect on our dear Charles, in subduing the natural impetuosity of his temper, and directing the warmth of his feelings, and the generosity of his heart, into a proper and praiseworthy channel; for it is impossible to be a constant spectator of virtue without becoming an improved character. The mind imperceptibly adopts its beneficent influence, as flowers insensibly imbibe the morning dews, which are to heighten their tints beneath the sun's meridian!

" 'Therefore,' he continued, 'I am determined that Charles shall

" 'Why, miserable and dejected, and hopeless—gazing most maliciously, every now and then, at the resplendent summer sun, as if you thought it was his intention never to set!'

" 'How could I look so now, after what you have just told me? it is quite impossible!'

" 'Ah! I see plainly, that every thing will be impossible with you to-day, so the sooner we are off the better, to finish the business; for I am sure every moment now will appear an age, until you have imprinted

on Madeline's rosy lips, the first kiss of love before her papa and mama!"

"The *first* kiss of love at all, Charles, on my honour!"

"The first!" exclaimed Charles, imitating Edwin's earnest tone and manner admirably; "impossible! ah! ah!"

"Laugh away!" said Edwin; "I can afford to be quizzed now!"

Mrs. Seymour now joining them, ready dressed for the walk, they, without imparting a word of the interesting cause of their visit, not daring to trust her feelings, where the happiness of her idol boy was so vitally concerned, hastened to the hall, where they were most impatiently expected by the agitated inmates, who began to think them long in obeying the summons. Mrs. and Mr. Fairfax received the Seymours in their usually kind and cordial manner, but without any particular demonstration of emotion. Not so, however, with Madeline—the conscious, loving, tender Madeline; overcome completely by her long struggles for composure, she instantly flung herself on Mrs. Seymour's bosom, murmuring, "Bless me, bless your Madeline, your Edwin's Madeline!"

"Bless you! bless you! my sweet child!" exclaimed the agitated mother, folding the betrothed of her son passionately to her heart. Oh! bless you, and thank you, for my Edwin's felicity! Did I not always, always love you, sweetest Madeline?"

When Madeline raised her beautiful face from that gentle bosom, she beheld her mother weeping in the arms of her father, in which she was affectionately encircled, as a softened memory pictured her own youthful emotions under similar circumstances. Mr. Fairfax divined her thoughts, and tenderly embraced the woman, yet as dear to him as ever. Edwin sobbed audibly, as the too exquisite sense of his present happiness pressed upon his brain; and even Charles, the gay volatile Charles, catching the sweet infection of their joy, almost in sorrow's guise, turned silently to the window, to hide the unbidden tear. Yes, that party, who meditated only smiles and hilarity, were all in tears, at the certainty of the felicity of two young, pure, loving hearts. O sensibility! how inscrutable are thy dictates!

Mr. Fairfax, finding that all was discovered, placed the hand of the blushing Madeline in that of the deeply affected Edwin's, repeating in a voice of thrilling tenderness those exquisite lines of Rogers, so descriptive of such a scene.

"On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew;
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers,—
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due."

Then, ere she was aware of his intention, were his glowing lips pressed to hers, in one long fond kiss of ardent, intense love.

In a very few weeks after this felicitous *éclaircissement*—

—————"The holy vow,
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!"

MR. WHITE'S NEW TRANSLATION OF THE NEW
TESTAMENT.*

MANY manias in different ages of the world have risen, progressed, and decayed. A history of the chief manias would, we augur, be a very interesting and instructive subject. Railroads and steam carriages form the principal mania of the nineteenth century. Were we to judge of the wisdom of our age from the gigantic strides which this mania has already made, and is still making, we might conclude that our forefathers were mere children, ignorant fools—that we, their descendants, have now discovered the true road to happiness, and the philosopher's stone. In short, if the head of man were composed, according to the directors of this mania, of a steam engine, and the trunk of railroads, with good offsets to the upper and lower extremities, man's happiness would be complete, his position within the gates of Paradise and Heaven fixed and certain. Then indeed would be fulfilled the consummation so devoutly to be wished—the *perfection of man*—sleeping by steam, waking by steam, running by steam, and stopping by steam. This, fortunately or unfortunately we will not say, would rid us altogether of the other common mania, which is as old as man himself—the roast beef and plum pudding kind—comprehending a race whose appetites and mode of existence might be summed in the inglorious career from the bed to the troph, and the troph to the bed. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Considering the number of clever men of whom we can boast in mechanics, a railroad might be constructed for the latter two-legged pigs without any offsets between these two stations—the troph and the bed: but what wailings, and lamentations, and petitions to Parliament, would be heard from the knaves, and rogues, and vagrants of the old system of things, seeing the rights of their merchandise would be emphatically knocked up by these steam innovations. Many, however, would no doubt try to sell out before their profession of roguery came, according to the slang of the bank mania, *to a discount*. Alas for Shakspeare's paragons of animals! for their nobility of reason! for actions like angels, and apprehensions like gods! Our forefathers, and the ancients too, poor souls! knew nothing. Their crude notions are the drivellings of fools reputed wise; the absurdities of men incapable of penetrating the depths of human nature, or, seeing the influence of education and circumstances, themselves only a part of education, on man. Bad, and miserably corrupted, however, as mankind have become, yet food and raiment, the very, but not the only, things for which they have often been, and still are, tearing each other to pieces, will not satisfy them. The sacred brotherhood and the unity of the god and the man, the holy aspirations of a higher and a better state of things, and the knowledge of themselves, are wanting; without which your social system, tried thousands of years ago, even though cemented by roast beef and

* The Restoration of the Holy Scriptures to their ancient Reading, their Philosophy and Harmony with the State and Physical Forms of Man, in a Translation of the Holy Epistle of Paul to Galatians, and a Part of his Epistle to Romans, and in an Introductory Dissertation on the Style, Intelligence, and Spirit of the Holy Evangelist John. By JOHN WHITE, A.M.—Sherwood and Co.

plum pudding, by the fruit of the cotton tree and the wool of the sheep, has been, and ever will be, an empty bubble—a thing of shreds and patches—a body without a soul!

Some hope, then, may exist, notwithstanding the mania that has long run in a material direction, that such a man as Mr. White *may* get a hearing for spiritual views of the Scriptures, and a new translation of their contents.

We give the following extract from writer, librarian of the King's Library, a hundred years ago, who knew something of the state of ancient manuscripts.

“ Now, will any one say that since the time these gross errors were committed, the generality of the Latin fathers did or could read the Greek Testament, and yet could miss the discovering of them, or would let them pass after they were discovered, without taking the least notice? A great deal, moreover, may be owing to the superstitious veneration for the Latin Vulgate, and the general persuasion *that it was by miracle preserved faultless*; as it was also *believed that the seventy Jews in different cells were all miraculously directed to hit upon one and the same version of the Old Testament*: and so those few that had some smattering of Greek might never seek for errors there, not in the least expecting to find any: or if any were known, WHO DURST VENTURE TO DECLARE THEM? *When men were severely used for entertaining harmless notions of philosophy differing from the vulgar*, what might THEY not fear if they should be found MEDDLING WITH FUNDAMENTALS OF RELIGION? But whatever was the occasion, it is matter of fact that these errors, and a great many more, have kept their ground for several centuries. The former of these errors might easily happen at first by reason of the letters *si* coming over again in *sic*, which immediately follows. And though *spiritus* and *christus*, written or printed at length, differ very much, yet in the old MSS. they differ only in a single letter, the first being always written *sps*, and the latter *xps*, *id est*, *χρς*, which is an abbreviation of *χριστος*. For in Latin MSS. the Greek letters of the word *christus*, as also of *Jesus*, are always retained; except that the terminations are changed according to the Latin language. *Jesus* is written *IHS*, or in small characters *ihs*; which is the Greek *ΙΗΣ*, or *ιης* an abbreviation of *ιησους*. However, the scribes knew nothing of this for a thousand years before the invention of printing; for if they had, they would not have written *ihs* for *ιησους* but they ignorantly copied after one another such letters as they found put for those two words: nay, at length they pretended to find *Jesus Hominum Salvator* comprehended in the word *Ihs*; which is another proof that they took the middle letter to be *h*, not *η*. The dash also over the word, which is a sign of an abbreviation, some have changed to the sign of the cross.”

Again, from the Preface to King James's Translation:—

“ Many men's mouths have been open a good while, and yet not stopped with speeches about the translation so long in hand, or rather perusals of translations made before; and ask what may be the reason, what the necessity of the employment? Hath the church been deceived, say they, all this while? Hath her sweet meat been mingled with leaven, her silver with dross? We hoped we had been in the right

way, that we had the oracles of God delivered to us. Was their translation good before? Why do they now mend it? Was it not good? Why, then, was it obtruded on the people?"

IGNORANCE OF THE TRANSMISSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—
OPPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTERATIONS.

Great ignorance in reference to the transmission of the Scriptures prevails, as well among the great body of the clergy themselves, as the people. The former, speaking *generally*, merely acquire professionally as much knowledge of Latin and Greek as enables them to pass their examinations for orders. When this is done, all may be said to be done. We will not tell them of the high qualifications which we ought to look for in an instructor of the people, but we will quote what Michaelis says, which Mr. White has also quoted in his Introduction: "Divines who confine their studies to the Greek Testament alone, and without learning the Oriental languages, aspire to the title of theologians, lead not only themselves into error, but those to whom they undertake to communicate instruction; and I may venture to affirm that no man is capable of understanding the New Testament, unless to an acquaintance with Greek he joins a knowledge of at least Hebrew, Syriac, Rabinic." By the *people*, we mean not the *heathen* or the *outcasts* of society, or those who seldom or never enter a church or chapel; albeit the Eternal is not confined to temples made with hands; albeit the declaration, The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. No, we here indeed speak of the church-going population—of those who would shudder at being seen out of the earthly sanctuary one day—of those who are technically called sincere believers—members of this and that church—of this and that orthodox clergyman—of this and that *WORTHY BISHOP* [London], who never in his life heard a clergyman express any doubt of any one article of the thirty-nine articles of our Protestant Church—of those very pillars of Tract, Bible, and Missionary Societies—of those very members who would run scores of miles to Exeter Hall, to hear some grand demonstration, not from poor Edward Irving, in his better days, who has gone to rest, but from some fourth or fifth rate man, who requires to be instructed himself. Talk to some of these worthies of the Church or of Dissenters, about the necessity of a new translation of the Scriptures, and they will soon turn up their noses, or shun you as a pest of society, or tell you the famous saying of this or that worthy sixth-rate learned man, who swears that our translation is a *wonderful work of excellence*; or, if they *deign* to continue the conversation with a so very suspicious person, or rather a sly undermining infidel or heretic—albeit the whole Church of England and Scotland are heretics—they may ask you, in the very language of the translator's preface to our present legalized version, "*Hath the Church been deceived all this while? We hoped that we had been in the right way. Was their translation good before? Why do they now mend it?*" With such like silly, childish, ignorant, brutish notions. The Church, we answer, has never been deceived. It is you, the people, that deceive yourselves; even you who have gone to the blind for sight—to the deaf for hearing—to the ignorant for instruction.

IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.—LITERATURE AT OXFORD AND
CAMBRIDGE.—ERASMUS.—KING HENRY.

The ignorant live in a world of their own: they know only the things of their little world; all their notions and conclusions are derived from the little world, which they themselves have peopled. Out of their world, heretics and heathens and satyrs and hobgoblins dwell, with whom, of course, it would be a damnable sin to converse. They run when none pursueth, flee from dangers which they themselves have created, hug the serpents that are to destroy them, crucify and put to death their benefactors; and though, in the midst of all this they are not happy, nor in the nature of things can be, seeing they have put out the light within; yet they go on, the blind leading the blind, or the ignorant directing the ignorant, for a time and even ages, in this horrid confusion. In this state of things, literature, which is always the test of the sense, refinement and civilization of a people, is not only neglected, but opposed, and even represented as an enemy and curse to religion—query, what religion? We nevertheless admit literature has been abused; but, fool, which of God's creatures has not been abused? Shall we, therefore, ye hypocrites and wisemen, destroy God's creatures, because the ignorant have abused them? According to this absurd process of sense, you may destroy all the creatures of God—for they have all, more or less, been much abused; yet the Messiah, whom his followers—these disgraceful opponents of literature—affect to follow and admire, is represented as *knowing letters* or *literature*; for the Jews wondered, *ἐθαύμαζον, λέγοντες, πῶς οὗτος γράμματα οἶδε, μὴ μεμαθηκώς*;* saying, How does this man know literature without learning? In the celebrated speech of Stephen, Moses is said to be *ἐπαιδεύθη πάση σοφίᾳ Αἰγυπτίων· ἦν δὲ δύνάτος ἐν λόγοις καὶ ἐν ἔργοις*, learned in all the wisdom of Egyptians; for he was powerful in words and deeds.† And what shall we say of the eloquent and learned Paul, whom the Roman Governor Festus addressed in a public hall of justice,—*Μαίνη, Παῦλε, τὰ πολλά σε γράμματα περιτρέπει· Ὁ δὲ, οὐ, μαίνομαι, φησὶ, κράτιστε Φῆστε, ἀλλ' ἀληθείας καὶ σωφροσύνης ῥήματα ἀποφθέγγομαι*,—"O Paul, thou art mad, much learning has affected you;" but he answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but give utterance to the words of truth and philosophy."‡

It were easy and highly commendable to carry out much farther this topic of literature, as being one of the chief ingredients of all the first-rate men of the apostles and prophets—of all the men of the East who have headed and supported the knowledge and wisdom of the Scriptures, which ignorant unlettered men of modern times have perverted to their utter ruin; and by attempting to explain things for which they were personally and mentally and by literature unqualified, have given false representations of Christianity; or rather presented a something which is altogether monstrous and anomalous! "Hence," as Mr. White observes, in his Introduction, on this very subject, "where literature does not flourish or is discouraged, the Greek Testament, which is essentially a book of learned literature, a beautiful

* John vii. 15.

† Acts vii. 22.

‡ Acts xxvi. 24.

focus of the light of thousands of years, must be destroyed in the hands of the ignorant. The reign of chaos, of superstition, and the beast succeeds." For a thousand years great ignorance of literature "darkened the whole face of society," particularly of the West. But without tracing this fact for illustration, we may revert shortly to the time of the learned Erasmus, who was shabbily used in England, notwithstanding the fair promises and splendid invitations which he received from some of the dignitaries of the church and the nation. This we do for the purpose of reiterating in the ears of the people some facts concerning the literature of the Scriptures, worthy of their notice and serious consideration, since many of them pretend to be so very knowing in all things, sacred and divine. From some invitations which Erasmus received, he came to England. One was from his former pupil Mountjoy (Lord). Fisher, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, offered him a Greek professorship, which he accepted; and after teaching *five months*, and spending no less than *sixty nobles*, and receiving in return only *one* from his pupils, which he obtained, he says, in a letter to a friend, with a great *deal of coquetting and begging* on his part, that it might not be mentioned, he determined, as might be expected, to be off; "whither," he adds, "must be as the fates determine." Mountjoy and Fisher appear to have been mean, niggardly fellows. The former, whom we have mentioned as being a pupil of Erasmus, invited him to his house, but kept a servant, whom our learned author nicknamed Cerberus for his malignant qualities, apparently to drive him away. This great man, nevertheless, in the midst of all his difficulties, still kept to his Greek; and, as an anecdote illustrative of his devotion to this subject, he says, in a letter to a friend, "that if he had money he would buy *first books, then clothes*." Writing of Cambridge, he says, that "it is a desert; the students are all gone, in consequence of the term time and the plague; and if they were here, it would *still be a desert*." He censures their malignity and coarseness of manners.

Such was the state of Greek literature and learning at Oxford and Cambridge, even at this time, *the beginning of the sixteenth century*, that Greek learning was actually opposed, as an enemy to religion and the Scriptures, even though, wonderful to tell, the very Scriptures themselves are written in this condemned language. A horrid, dark, satanic clique opposed the very cultivation of the language in which the Gospels and Paul's Epistles were written. Would you believe it? This clique extended its malignant operations to the Court—for ignorant clergy always endeavour to gain the favour of Courts. Hence one of Henry's preachers, in a sermon before him, inveighed strongly against Greek learning and *new interpreters—for it was well known that Erasmus was engaged on the Scriptures*. The king, much to his credit, on hearing this, *winked to Pace*; and, as the preacher dined at the palace, the king appointed More to defend the application of Greek learning to the Scriptures, and the preacher to oppose it, while he himself sat as moderator. The preacher failed in the support of his side, and begged pardon, assigning as a reason the following remarkable infatuation, or rather falsehood—that he attacked Greek learning in consequence of a *supernatural suggestion* in

the course of his sermon. Did the king commend this sensible, learned reply? Kings and people are often opposers of literature, but not so Henry—to his everlasting honour be it spoken—cruel as he was. Let us do him justice. “Your inspiration,” said the king, “was not from *above*, but from the depths of your own folly. Pray have you read Erasmus?” He answered, “No.” “What a palpable fool then,” replied the king, “you have proclaimed yourself to be, condemning what you have not read!” ordering him at the same time to go out of his sight. But though Erasmus had been invited, and was comparatively respected in England, yet there is no doubt that he erred, in rejecting the invitation of Cardinal Dominic Grimani, who, before his determination to accept the English invitations, had also invited him to come and see him. Erasmus went, and finding on his arrival that there was company, was going away without leaving his name, when a Greek, who was at the door, asked his name, ran in, and soon returning, called after Erasmus to come back. When Erasmus entered, the Cardinal placed him by his side, would not allow him to take off his hat, and shortly after calling his nephew, who was an archbishop, introduced Erasmus. Our master in learning rose, and was proceeding to take off his hat, when he was prevented doing so by Grimani, who, observing that the scholar ought to stand before his master, requested him to be seated, and to make his palace, which was pleasantly situated in Rome, his home. The die was cast, and Erasmus, declining the invitation, went to England.

Such, however, was the state of Latin, and especially Greek learning at Cambridge, that on the publication of the Greek Testament and Latin translation of Erasmus, one of the chief colleges would not admit it within its walls, and anathematized it and its author in no measured terms; yet this very university points with pride to the walk of Erasmus! Give him a stone, ye friends of Literature and the Muses, now that he is dead! How consistent is your conduct! England was then a desert, and we are afraid is still yet a desert for literature. Notwithstanding this great man's celebrity, such was the darkness of the time, that he was even forced to call in some of the most important and excellent of his translations. There is, indeed, little doubt that he saw farther than even the protestant reformers, with the chief of whom, Melancthon, he always corresponded.

CHIEF QUALITY OF THE TRANSLATION OF ERASMUS.

There are great differences among translators. Considerable knowledge of words and languages may exist with *little sense*. This, no imposition of the hands of any ecclesiastic, or council of ecclesiastics, can cure or remedy. They may ask for a uniformity of creeds, but a uniformity of creeds is not a uniformity of sense. This is beyond the power of civil or ecclesiastical authorities. Many of these little men enter the church, and, though destitute of that quality which none but the Eternal can bestow and does bestow, only through his general laws, they often set themselves up for masters when they ought to be scholars—for Bishops when they ought to be Curates, or rather hewers of wood and drawers of water. Hence, Mr. White, writing on this very topic, remarks, that “ingenuity, conceit, and circumscribed ver-

bal acquirements, have in many cases taken the precedence of literature and deep intuition, which may be born and propagated, but never acquired." All the best scholars of antiquity and modern times have, though consulting others, found it necessary to depend on their own judgment, when obstacles and difficulties came in their way. None, however, of modern times, ranks higher in this quality—sense—than Erasmus. After having spent the greater and best part of his life on literature, he, though within the pale of the Church of Rome, though in priest's orders of this very church, freely exercised his own judgment, asserting modestly, but firmly and boldly sometimes, that the Greek of Paul was wrong. Of this there cannot be a better example given than the following passage from the second chapter of Galatians. The Greek is this, as it exists in all printed books and accented Greek manuscripts of the Scriptures, Ἄλλ' οὐδὲ Τίτος ὁ σὺν ἐμοί, Ἕλληνας ὦν, ἡναγκάσθη περιτμηθῆναι, διὰ δὲ τοὺς παρεισάκτους ψευδαδέλφους, οἵτινες παρεισῆλθον κατασκοπεῖσαι τὴν ἐλευθερίαν ἡμῶν, ἣν ἔχομεν ἐν χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ, ἵνα ἡμᾶς καταδουλώσωσιν· οἷς οὐδὲ πρὸς ὥραν εἵξαμεν τῇ ὑποταγῇ, ἵνα ἡ ἀλήθεια τοῦ εὐαγγελίου διαμείνῃ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.—Of which the following is the translation of Erasmus.

Sed NEQUE Titus qui mecum erat, QUUM ESSET GRÆCUS, compulsus fuit circumcidi, propter obiter ingressos falsos fratres, qui subintroierant ad explorandum libertatem nostram, quam habemus in Christo Jesu, quo nos in servitutem adigerent. QUIBUS NE ad tempus quidem cessimus per subjectionem, ut veritas Evangelii permaneret apud vos.

After having observed how Hieronymus renders the passage, he gives the reading and translation of Ambrose, who, he says, "secus etiam atque nos ordinat orationem, nimirum hoc pacto; Propter autem subintroductos fratres falsos, qui subintraverunt explorare libertatem nostram, quam habemus in Christo Jesu, ut nos in servitutem subjicerent, AD HORAM cessimus subjectioni;" which is indeed quite different. Erasmus says, "nec video quomodo locus possit explicari, nisi fateamur Pauli sermonem esse imperfectum;" that is, *nor do I see how the place can be explained, unless we confess that the language of Paul is imperfect.* Though all commentators of any note have considered the passage in Greek as it now stands inexplicable, yet Beza has had the stupidity to see nothing wrong: for he says, "ut Erasmus plane mirer hic laborare, quasi Pauli sermo sit imperfectus, quum omnes partes optime constant."

The English translation of the Greek in our legalized version runs thus:—"But *neither Titus, who was with me, being a Greek*, was compelled to be circumcised: and that because of false brethren unawares brought in, who came in privily to spy out our liberty, which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: TO WHOM WE GAVE PLACE BY SUBJECTION, NO NOT FOR AN HOUR, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you."

The passage is perfect nonsense. It is not at all wonderful that Erasmus thought the Greek wrong, looking, as he did, to the accents and the universal mode of reading. Mr. White, who has exercised his judgment perhaps more than any Greek scholar for a thousand years,

proceeds altogether in a different manner; and, without altering a single letter of the text, gives us a splendid reading, which comes home to the sense and understanding of every one—a reading which, we hesitate not to say, will, of itself, render his work as lasting as the Scriptures themselves. The translation is this:—"BUT WHERE, HOWEVER, Titus, who was with me, THOUGH A GREEK, was compelled to be circumcised, in consequence however of the sneaking, false brethren, who crept in to observe the freedom which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might enslave us; to whom, WHERE, HOWEVER, we yielded TEMPORARY submission, that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you."

Mr. White has examined many Greek manuscripts; and as the accents are comparatively modern, he has taken no notice of them, consulting principally the sense and context, and extending his researches into the Syriac and other Oriental languages for greater information. He divides the *οὐδὲ* in the first and last part of the sentence into two words, thus—*οὐ δὲ*, WHERE HOWEVER, which is perfectly satisfactory.

It will be observed, from what has come before us, that, considering the low state of Greek learning at Oxford and Cambridge so late as the sixteenth century, it was impossible that men could be found capable of translating the Greek Testament into our language—the age was barbarous.

In ancient Greek manuscripts, as has been observed, there are no accents; we therefore give the passage without accents from the beginning of the chapter, as it is inseparably connected, from the Alexandrine Manuscript, the oldest in this country. In this, like all old manuscripts, the words and letters are, as Mr. White informs his readers, not separated. They run on in an uninterrupted stream. To make the matter as distinct as we can, we shall give Mr. White's translation, and the legalized, or Roman version,—for here there is scarcely any difference,—in separate columns for easy reference.

Επειτα δια δε κα τεσσαρων ετων παλιν ανεβην εις Ιεροσολυμα μετα Βαρναβα, συμπαραλαβων και Τιτον. Ανεβην δε κατα αποκαλυψιν, και ανεθεμην αυτοις το ευαγγελιον, ο κηρυσσω εν τοις εθνεσι, κατ ιδιαν δε τοις δοκουσι, μη πως εις Καινον τρεχω, η εδραμον—αλλ ου δε Τιτος ο συν εμοι, Ελληνων, ηναγκασθη περιτμηθηναι, δια δε τους παρεισακτους ψευδαδελφους, οιτινες Παρεισηλθον κατασκοπησαι την ελευθεριαν ημων, ην εχομεν εν Χριστω Ιησου, ινα ημας καταδουλωσωνται—οις ου δε προς ωραν ειξαμεν τη υποταγη, ινα η αληθεια ου ευαγγελιου διαμεινη προς υμας.

MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

Afterwards, *however*, in the course of PROBABLY FOUR years, I went up to Jerusalem with Bar Nabas, taking Titus also with [me]. I went up, *however*, according to a revelation, and *explained myself* to them the gospel, which I preach among the Gentiles; in private, however, to those of consideration, not by any means when I should run, or have run into PUBLIC; but WHERE, HOWEVER, Titus, who was with me, THOUGH A GREEK, was compelled to be circumcised, in con-

THE LEGALIZED, OR ROMAN.

Then FOURTEEN years after I went up again to Jerusalem with Barnabas, and took Titus with [me] also. And I went up by revelation, and *communicated* unto them *that* gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them which were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run, IN VAIN. But NEITHER Titus who was with me, being a Greek, was compelled to be circumcised: And that because of false brethren unawares brought in, who came

sequence, however, of *the* sneaking false brethren, who crept in to observe our freedom, which we have in Christ Jesus, that they [lest they] might enslave us; **TO WHOM, WHERE, HOWEVER,** we yielded **TEMPORARY** submission, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you.

in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: **TO WHOM** we gave place by subjection, **NO, NOT FOR AN HOUR**; that the truth of the gospel might continue with you.

Here we have introduced a reading from one of Mr. White's notes into the passage—[lest they].

There are several most extraordinary points, which in this translation arrest attention—surprise, and astonish our readers. At the threshold of the subject, you have the number **FOUR** for **FOURTEEN** years, which it was not our intention at the present moment to consider. It seemed necessary, however, that we should refer to the journey of Paul and to Jerusalem, as the **LOCAL** celebration of the circumcision of Titus, to which the Apostle was obliged to resort, in consequence of *the* sneaking, false brethren, who crept in to observe the freedom of the ancient Christians, and their total abandonment of all rites and ceremonies, at least, in so far as the Jewish ceremonial and table, and circumcisional law were concerned. It was necessary for us to fix the attention on this Jerusalem locality, to which Paul, in the same sentence, *twice* refers; which leads us to remark that the Greek word **OY** is capable of two interpretations or readings—the one **NOT**, the other **WHERE**—that the commentators, to a man, so far as history enables us to trace them, for at least fifteen hundred years, have joined this *ov*, **WHERE**, to the next Greek particle, **δε**, **HOWEVER**, or **INDEED**. In this state of things, *ov* becomes *ουδε*, **NEITHER**, giving rise to an interpretation, which no man is capable of translating or understanding—causing too, as might be expected, the translators to strain and violate other well-known, straightforward Greek words and phrases in the immediate neighbourhood. For illustrating this part of the topic, we must refer to the phrase, *Ελλην ων*, which Mr. White has rendered, **THOUGH A GREEK**; a phrase which has been twisted in every possible shape to make sense with the *ουδε*, **NEITHER**. We repeat, *Ελλην ων*, *though a Greek*, is an evident Greek phrase; yet Erasmus, condemning the passage as imperfect and an absurdity, renders it, against all classical knowledge, *quum esset Græcus*. Mr. White has given several examples for illustration, which we here press upon the reader.

Ως ανηρ, οστις τροποισι συντακη θυραιος ων.

though a stranger.

Πλουτε, θεων καλλιστε και ιμεροεστατε παντων,
Συν σοι, και κακος ων, γιγνομαι εσθλος ανηρ.

The translation is—

“O! Plutus, most excellent and amiable of all gods,
I, even **THOUGH BAD**, become with thee a good man.”

Some examples of the same phrase exist in Galatians, as *κυριος παντων ων*, **THOUGH LORD OF ALL**, which occurs in the first verse of the fourth chapter; yet, remarkable to relate, very inconsistently

indeed, the translators have given this very phrase the right translation, thus, *THOUGH HE BE LORD OF ALL*. Erasmus, too.

Mr. White also shows, in his Introduction to John, the use of the same phrase, such as this:—*Περι καλου εργου ου λιθαζομεν σε, αλλα περι βλασφημιας, και οτι συ, ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΩΝ, ποιεις σεαυτον Θεον*. For a good work we do not stone thee, but for blasphemy, even because thou, *THOUGH A MAN*, makest thyself God.

Hence, also, from the same evangelist; *Εις δε τις εξ αυτων, Καιαφας, ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΥΣ ΩΝ του ενιαυτου εκεινου, ειπεν αυτοις*, that is, A certain one, however, of them, Caiaphas, *THOUGH HIGH PRIEST* of that year, said to them. From John, *Λεγει εις εκ των δουλων του αρχιερεως, ΣΥΓΓΕΝΗΣ ΩΝ, ου απεκοψε Πητρος το ωτιον*, that is, One of the servants of the high priest, *THOUGH A RELATION*, whose ear Peter cut off.

Hence the following verse of Euripides, where the same phrase exists as an excellent classic Greek phrase :

Ως μεν λεγουσιν, οτι θεοις, ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΩΝ.

THOUGH A MAN.

The poet here speaks of Tantalus, who *ανθρωπος ων, though a man*,

Κοινης τραπεζης αξιωμ' εχων ισον.

Still farther from John, *Ελεγε δε τον Ιουδαν Σιμωνος Ισκαριωτην ουτος γαρ ημελλεν αυτον παραδιδοναι, ΕΙΣ ΩΝ εκ των δωδεκα*, that is, He spake however, of Judas Iscariot, [the son] of Simon, for this would betray him, *THOUGH ONE* of the twelve. Lastly, for the consistency and uniformity of Mr. White's translation, we instance only one other from the same Introduction. In the conversation between the blind man and the Pharisees, John uses the same Greek phrase, *Εν οιδα, οτι, ΤΥΦΛΟΣ ΩΝ, αρτι βλεπω*, that is, One thing I do know, that, *THOUGH BLIND*, . . !

Further be it remarked, in favour of Mr. White's translation, that there are other examples of *ΟΥ, WHERE*, followed by *δε, however* or *indeed*, used by Paul in Romans : hence *ΟΥ δε ουκ εστι νομος, ουδε παραβασις*, that is, *WHERE, HOWEVER, there is not a law, neither is there a transgression*. In the fifth chapter is the other example, *ΟΥ δε επλεονασεν η αμαρτια*, that is, *WHERE, HOWEVER, sin abounded*. A number of Greek copies have *γαρ* after the first *ου*, thus, *ου γαρ*. It is thus that we show the expression to be common to Paul, yet this has nothing to do with the propriety of the expression. Without this, its position, construction, and meaning remain equally commendable.

For the purpose still farther of making the passage as clear to ordinary readers and common scholars as we can, we shall construe the whole, word for word, according to Mr. White's rendering. Before, however, doing so, let us remark that Mr. White has left out the word *παλιν*, to call attention to its consideration, which he shows means classically, *a return, or back*.

Επειτα afterwards δε however δια in the course κα of probably τεσσαρων four ετων years ανεβην I went up εις to Ιεροσολυμα Jerusalem μετα with Βαρναβα Bar Nabas συμπαραλαβων taking with [me] και also Τιτον Titus. Ανεβην I went up δε however κατα according to αποκαλυψιν a revelation, και and ανεθεμην explained myself αυτοις to them το ευαγγελιον the gospel, ο which κηρυσσω I preach εν among τοις εθνεσι the Gentiles, κατ' ιδιαν in private δε however τοις δοκουσι to those of consideration, μη πως not by any means when τρεχω I should run, η εδραμον have run εις into Καινον Public; αλλ' ου where δε however Τιτος Titus ο who συν εμοι was with me, ελληνων though a Greek, ηναγκασθη was compelled περιτμηθηναι to be circumcised; δια in consequence δε however τους of the παρεισακτους sneaking ψευδαδελφους false brethren, οιτινες who παρεισηλθον crept in κατασκοπησαι to observe την the ελευθεριαν freedom ημων of us, ην which εχομεν we have εν in Χριστω Ιησου Christ Jesus; οις to whom [that is, referring to the ψευδαδελφοις as its antecedent] ου where [Jerusalem] δε however ειξαμεν we yielded προς ωραν temporary [a very good phrase, and used adverbially by Greek writers and Paul,] τη υποταγη the submission [above alluded to, the circumcision of Titus, which Paul was compelled to celebrate in consequence of the sneaking false brethren] ινα that η the αληθεια truth του ευαγγελιου of the gospel διαμεινη might continue προς υμας with you.

It will be observed that the position of the Greek particles in the sentence does not agree in every case with the English position. For instance the δε after δια, in the beginning of the passage, suits our language to be thrown between the ΕΠΕΙΤΑ and the Greek preposition δια, thus, Afterwards, however. Chrysostom has δε after ΕΠΕΙΤΑ, and no παλιν, which is remarkable.

THE DISCORD AMONG THE FATHERS FAVOURS MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

Error always breeds discord. Confusion is the natural result of disorder. Where the premises are not clear, the conclusions must be dark and contradictory. The effects of these obvious truths produce different results on different minds. It is only the great that can easily remove obstacles, and travel on in the midst of difficulties. The little or the narrow-minded are soon tired. If they happen to approach a subject of this sort, they either sail down the stream with the current of the multitude, or, after paddling a little against the tide, turn round in disgust, and scout the whole affair, merely in consequence of their incapacity. Such, too, is the darkness and conceit of many minds educated in a certain way, that they make the most stout resistance to the *unlearning* of what they have learned. It matters not how false soever and contradictory the education may be, they cling to it like the drowning man to the remaining straw. It matters not though this education can be shown to be absurd and contradictory; it matters not though you actually compel them, by your reasoning, and the light which you throw upon the whole subject in dispute, to come to a stand

still, they nevertheless manifest a dogged resistance. In short, they prove the words of the poet,

" Convinced against their will,
These men are of the same opinion still."

Where you are obliged to leave them, for they are resolved to cling to their old nonsense and absurdities.

We now remark, that if the premises of the passage before us had been clear as it is handed down to us, there could have been, in the nature of things, no discordant conclusions. Many of the fathers approached the subject with a desire to know the truth of Greek, and the facts and sentiments and literature of Paul; but either being deficient in their knowledge of the language, or personally incapacitated, or borne down by the influence of those who had gone before them, they hesitated, or imagined they saw what was not there. Hence some saw the circumcision of Titus, some could not see it after all their endeavours. Some, proceeding on the ground of the contradictory statements of the passage with *οὐδε, neither*, for the first reading, actually had the presumption to throw out *οὐς οὐ δε, TO WHOM, WHERE, HOWEVER*, altogether—reading in Latin *ad horam cessimus*—that is, we yielded for a time to the false brethren. Ambrosiaster takes this view: and Semler, of the University of Halle, of modern times, followed this monstrous criticism. They felt that the negation must be thrown out, and they, taking the wrong view of the sentence, did actually throw it out. This very fact, however, confirms Mr. White's translation, for there is *no negation* in the passage. These violators of the good classic Greek of Paul are the very supporters of the sense of the whole passage, and the translation before us.

JAMES SCHOLEFIELD'S, A.M., PROFESSOR OF GREEK AT CAMBRIDGE,
VIEWS OF THE PASSAGE, FAVOUR MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

It is worth our while to give the opinion of one man now living, James Scholefield, of Cambridge, for the purpose of strengthening these observations. The Professor has, however, nothing really new or particularly worthy of notice to present: for he has no idea of Mr. White's translation. He published, in 1836, the second edition of "*Hints for a New Translation*," yet what he does bring forward is, though useful, unimportant. His scholarship here, is not great, though his candour and manliness are to be commended. Let us hear him. He says, *καὶ . . . δοκῶσι*, for which he gives the following observations on the vulgar rendering, "*And communicated unto them the gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to those who were high in reputation*—i. e. publicly," says he, "to the whole church, and privately, in a private conference to the leading apostles." The alterations here proposed are unimportant in themselves; but they are, in a measure, necessary to clear the way for what follows:—"in which are," continues he, "*things hard to be understood*" IN THE ORIGINAL, but in our common translation, I think, UNINTELLIGIBLE. We have no doubt that our Professor at Cambridge will find nothing unintelligible in Mr. White's rendering of this passage.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF ERASMUS, BEZA, LUTHER, MELANCTHON, IN REFERENCE TO THE GREEK PHRASE, Ελλην ων, CONFIRM MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

There is consistency in all things. Truth shines as clearly in the uniform rendering of any language, as in the uniform demonstrations of Euclid. No man is at liberty to do as he likes with a phrase. There are laws in criticism as well as mathematics, to which all men are amenable. When we, therefore, find a Greek phrase, which does not admit of much latitude, with opposite constructions, such as—Ελλην ων—Τυφλος ων—Εις ων εκ των δωδεκα—Εις ων εξ αυτων—Οτι συ ανθρωπος ων—Αρχιερευς ων—Συγγενης ων—Ιουδαιος ων—Θυγατερα Αβρααμ ουσαν—Κυριος παντων ων—all of them similar—all in the undoubted books;—we repeat, when we find these so differently and oppositely translated by these learned men, we must rise up and condemn their conduct. There is not a man or scholar in Christendom that will take any other course. We are now writing to make things in literature evident; we shall, therefore, place these Greek expressions—though only one phrase—all of them in the Scriptures, in separate lines, with the Latin translations of these great men, Protestant and Roman, under—

Ιουδαιος ων	.	.	.	John, iv. 9.
Judæus quum sis.				
Εις ων εξ αυτων	.	.	.	— vii. 50.
Qui unus erat, or, unus erat.				
Οτι τυφλος ων	.	.	.	— ix. 25.
Quod cæcus quum fuerim.				
Οτι συ ανθρωπος ων	.	.	.	— x. 33.
Quia tu homo quum sis.				
Αρχιερευς ων	.	.	.	— xi. 49.
Quum esset Pontifex.				
Συγγενης ων	.	.	.	— xviii. 26.
Cognatus ejus.				
Θυγατερα Αβρααμ ουσαν	.	.	.	Luke, xiii. 16.
Hanc autem filiam Abrahæ.				
Ελλην ων	.	.	.	Gal. ii. 2.
Cum esset Græcus.				
Cum esset Gentilis. Luther.				
Κυριος παντων ων	.	.	.	— iv. 1.
Cum sit dominus omnium.				
Πονηροι οντες	.	.	.	Matt. vii. 11.
Cum sitis mali.				
Qui improbi estis.				

There are other examples of the same phrase, which might be adduced, and, consequently, other contradictions and violations of the Greek text, or what is the same thing, its translations, of which Luther, Beza, Erasmus, and Melancthon are guilty. In Mr. White's translations, however, of this good classic Greek phrase, there are no contradictions. Our course, and the course of all scholars, is therefore clear—it is our duty to support his consistency. In one isolated case, Beza, with others, gives us for Κυριος παντων ων, *quamvis*, instead of *cum sit dominus omnium*, which makes the position still more favourable to Mr. White. Erasmus, Beza, Melancthon, Luther, sanction *cum esset Gentilis*, or *Græcus*, for Ελλην ων, while they

give for *Κυριος παντων ων*, *cum*, or *quamvis*, *sit dominus*. The thing is absurd and monstrous.

There are other Greek phrases and expressions in the same neighbourhood, also violated by the departure of these great men from the Greek of Paul, which we ought to consider and press on the attention of Christendom; but this we leave to others. Enough has been done to establish the sense and meaning of Paul, as well as our position, for a demonstration of the truth.

We observed, what all our readers must also observe, that there are several most extraordinary points in this short passage—the proper consideration of any one of which is alone sufficient for any common learned article: and though the passage was introduced to show the tendency of the judgement, or sense of Erasmus, to condemn what he could neither unravel nor understand—for this really is the state of the case—yet we shall be obliged to pass a few observations on the difference between Mr. White's reading *FOUR*, and the other learned men's reading *FOURTEEN* years. There is the other great and astounding reading, the *KAINON*, or the vulgar *running IN VAIN* of Paul. What indeed, we ask, can be more extraordinary? For in the memory of ages, the penetration and learning of no scholar has ever presented this apparently easy—let us add, beautiful—solution of all the difficulties of the passage—difficulties of which all first-rate learned men, from the second century, or the days of Tertullian and Hieronymus, have ever complained.

THE STATE OF THE CASE.

FOUR FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

THE ΔΕ ΚΑ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΩΝ VERSUS THE ΔΕΚΑΤΕΣΣΑΡΩΝ.

Mr. White's Reading versus the Readings and the Contradictions of Ages.

Christianity was born and cradled in persecution. Hers, nevertheless, was merely the ancient warfare between good and evil—between light and darkness. She rose, however, from her cradle and bed of the East, resplendent as Lucifer of the morning—as the Sun from his bed of the East—descried and supported by no mean men, or the dregs of a quibbling, degraded and degrading populace, wallowing in worse than brutal pollution, or groping their way in the dark regions of their own earthly element—No, nor supported by the cold, heartless dogmas of men, trifling with literature and philosophy, and the short span of man's existence, for which here on earth there is no time left for trifling. No; inspired by the spirit of heaven, she burst upon the immoral wastes of the Roman and Eastern things, like a new and brilliant constellation in the realms of space. Paul, the chief of those who, in his way to Damascus, saw her rise in all her glory and magnificence, or rather discovered her eternal position and orbit in the heavens, shining with eternal light, hailed her as the messenger of heaven, and the Saviour of men. Though a man of no mean learning or ignoble qualities, from that moment he became another man; scrupled not to praise her origin, and talk publicly of her eternal constitution in the heavens. He saw and felt, in short, truth to be her

groundwork, philosophy her course, heaven her origin. He saw and felt no modern, evil squeamishness, about the promulgation of her light and qualities to the hordes of the East, who sat in the region and shadow of death—an evil and wicked squeamishness, about which we are so often reminded, by the dregs of the anomalous and monstrous superstitious bastardism of modern times, miscalled Christianity. No; he, a learned man and a philosopher, did not think it at all degrading or impolitic to stand on the middle of Mars Hill, in the midst of the learned, civilized, and refined Athens, and preach the *Αγνώστῳ Θεῷ*, the *unknown God*, whom they worshipped in ignorance. Every where he maintained the same dogged, determined course. All the refinement of these times, Syrian, Greek or Roman, with which he was well acquainted, could not shame him out of the position. He considered it the very acme of the highest and noblest philosophy. Horde, however, after horde, appeared to put him and his votaries down—their efforts were stigmatized as malignant—their philosophy often condemned as the scum of things, without even a hearing. Men of all nominal ranks and circumstances, backed by a paid, selfish, superstitious cunning priesthood, at all times hostile to the truth, which, though it saves them, cuts off their ill-gotten gains. The books or epistles which were written in this state of things, so unpropitious for their preservation, sacred as they were held, were sought after, corrupted, and destroyed. Nevertheless Christianity progressed amazingly, and spread its roots deep in the east and west, in the north and south of the empires of the day, when a wily and worldly policy offered it the only alternative which it was capable of giving—an external, *heartless shelter*; but requiring from it in return such a modification and transformation of its spirit and professions as the world itself can easily tolerate and practice. The best of men were driven into exile, or retired from a scene inimicable to the very existence of Christianity. Literature declined; the reading of the sacred Greek and Syrian manuscripts was lost. Some good, able men, nevertheless, arose, and raised their voices, in opposition to the degeneracy of the times; but they were soon drowned and silenced by the yells of the orthodox, worldly, Christian multitude. Hence the first Greek men who wrote as commentators, never refer to documents or autographs of the apostles. They always exercise their own judgement and reason from the sense of the passage. The whole course of Origen, and Chrysostom, and Jerome, and Ambrose, and Augustine, display the same quality. The most ancient manuscripts now remaining have no division of letters or words. Hence, a transcriber, ignorant of the language, divided the letters into words, according to his knowledge, it mattered not whether sense or nonsense. Hence the ΔΕΚΑΤΕΣΣΑΡΩΝ, instead of being divided as Mr. White has done, into three words, became ONE. FOURTEEN, therefore, instead of FOUR years, appeared in the third century, even though it is directly opposed to the SENSE of the context. The advocates, too, of Peter in the West, silenced the opposition of the Christians of the East, between whom an eternal warfare reigned. Every thing was done, even at the expense of truth and the sacred books, to magnify this Peter above the Apostle Paul: the books were corrupted; the canon extended.

Hence, when Marcion of Pontus came to Rome, in the second century, he found the canon, *or the number of the sacred books and epistles much increased*. He remonstrated, but the Romish doctors reviled him. Nempe, says Semler, a man of more historical knowledge than thousands of the clergy of these days, "Marcion tempore longe prior fuit Irenæo, Tertulliano, Justino adeo; itaque seriores temporis demum fuit illa Catholicorum domestica opinio, quæ traditionem aliarum dioeceseon non admisit, cum innotesceret; quia Petri et Pauli societatem jam informare et narrare Romani solerent, quam Marcion et alii, ex orientis solis partibus, non locum habuisse, et Paulum per has partes primum et solum doctrinam suam, Judæis nihil quicquam concedentem, propagasse, certo tenebant Tertullianus sæpe ipse hoc prodit et narrat, Marcionem exprobrasse aliis ecclesiis et doctoribus, quod ADULTERARINT regulam seu religionem Christianam."

INCONSISTENCIES OF THE NUMBER FOURTEEN FROM THE CONTEXT,
AND THE COMMON SENSE OF THE PASSAGE, FAVOURABLE TO
MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

No man can translate without sense as well as learning. He must not only be intimately and masterly acquainted with the Greek, but he must exercise his judgment on the bearing of the words upon the context, and the context upon the words. We maintain that on the very face of the thing, in the number FOURTEEN, rather SEVENTEEN—if we admit the former journey of Paul to Jerusalem, for the purpose of seeing Peter, and his stay with him, fifteen days, which Mr. White does not admit—there is an evident contradiction. The number is too great, and as such it has appeared to all learned men. For if Paul went up to Jerusalem and lived with Peter, and conversed with James, why did he go up again to know whether he was preaching sense or nonsense? for this is really the state of the case. What! do you, the orthodox, who cling to this reading, which Mr. White calls monstrous, mean to say that Paul, seventeen years after his conversion, did not know whether he had been RUNNING IN VAIN?—Paul, who derived his Christianity from God?—Paul, who expressly says that *οὐ προσανεθεμην σαρκι και αιματι*, *he did not consider himself responsible to flesh and blood*? It is only you, indeed, to whom sense is not a blessing, but a curse, who preach up and persuade men to credit such monstrous things; it is only you, who are the enemies of the gospel and the cross of the Messiah, whom you profess to admire!

But this is not all. If Paul, as the eighteenth verse of the first chapter of your version of Galatians relates, actually went up for the express purpose of seeing, and as the Roman sect explains it in their Roman notes, *to admire* Peter, of which the whole Epistle of Galatians is a condemnation, and *εμεινα προς αυτον ημερας δεκαπεντε*, *remained with him fifteen days*, why, we ask you who know it, for we know it not ourselves, does Paul talk, in the second chapter, on his going up with Titus, of Peter and James only APPEARING to be pillars?—Talk as if he never saw these men before—as if this were the first meeting, when they gave him the right hand of fellowship? But Paul did not consider himself responsible to flesh and blood, yet you make him

responsible. Paul received his gospel through a revelation, yet you make him act and speak against, and condemn this very revelation. Paul received his gospel from God; yet you make him come to man to hear if it tallied with the gospel of men—to hear, in short, its doom and fatal condemnation; aye, after he had preached this very gospel seventeen years. We repeat, Paul received his mission from God; yet this mission was and could not be valid, till it received the approbation and seal and signature of *men*? Alack-a-day! woe's me, for the senseless hypocrites that strain at gnats and swallow camels! woe's me, for the stupidity of the multitudes! In short, it is you monstrous things, who have proved satisfactorily, by your interpretations, this very Paul to be a fool. Is it wonderful, then, that a great majority of the wise should have thrown the whole affair overboard? Chrysostom, who is a giant among you modern dwarfs, *not* understanding, nor capable of understanding these things, has left an eternal condemnation on record against the monstrosity of the passage and Paul; but will you dwarfs follow his steps, and preach up the same condemnation? No; you would rather act like a surgeon, who, called in to cure the diseased limb of a patient, which is about to destroy his whole constitution, yet tells him that there is no disease—that it is altogether a mistake—that it is as healthy as the other, and that he must be mistaken,—lest the operation endanger the patient's constitution. Is it not better, ye fools, to enter into life halt and lame, than lose the whole body? But what will all this lead to? We answer, to health—to the kingdom of heaven. Where is this going to stop? When all dwarfs like you are driven from the seats of learning; when the foolish are no longer permitted to instruct the wise; when the blind are not allowed to lead the blind, or the ignorant to give instruction; when truth, in short, is established on her own legitimate and eternal throne.

ANCIENT CHRONOLOGY AND SUPPOSITIONS PROVE MR. WHITE'S NUMBER FOUR, τεσσαρων, TO BE THE TRUE NUMBER.

It seldom happens, that where darkness prevails, there is no collateral ray of light to be discerned. In the midst of a general gloom, some taper often exists to cheer the scholar, and confirm and strengthen the sense of his reading. True, the reading requires no foreign confirmation from any source; for the true Greek reading in connection with the context is explicit. It is only when ignorance and stupidity and bigotry usurp the chairs of the learned, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to carry home conviction, but much more difficult to extort a confession. In every walk of knowledge, the same stumbling blocks are often to be looked after and removed. Nothing is more easy than to demonstrate a problem in mathematics to one who is qualified to judge and disposed to admit the truth. But when one has to make his way, not only against ignorance, but what is worse still, a conceit of knowledge in conjunction with ignorance, how is it possible for one to gain his point? When you, moreover, have to clear away the rust and rubbish of a thousand years, what a Herculean task is before you! The light here, however, which we are favoured to enjoy from chronology, is not merely a taper, but a bright, brilliant, irresistible

light, which no knave or shuffling hypocrite can resist or extinguish. Four years was the ancient conjecture, when Paul went up to Jerusalem. Hence, the *Chronicon Alexandrinum* reckons only *ETH Δ', FOUR YEARS*, instead of *FOURTEEN*, not by conjecture, but straightforward historical data. Its words are, *και ει μη τουτο δωμεν, ευρεθησεται ο χρονος αφ ου εβαπτισθη, και ενεβλεψεν, ως περιεχουσιν αι Πραξεις, ETH Δ', Και τουτο ου μονον καθως αι Πραξεις φερουσιν, αλλα και Ιωσηπος λεγων.* Hence this *Chronicon* reckons for a certainty, pointing to the year of the Emperor Claudius, and the calculations of Josephus, on the number *FOUR, from the baptism of Paul to the time of his going up to Jerusalem* with Titus. A circumstance, too, of great importance among the ecclesiastical Greek chronologists, is, that they in general did not regard the three years of what Mr. White considers an interpolation; which of itself strengthens the position. Besides, even this *Chronicon*, which is in the habit of uniformly quoting the passages on which it intends to comment, without the alteration of a person, here uses the third person instead of the first, thus,—*ανηλθεν, he went up*, speaking of Paul going up to see Peter. The truth is, that this passage of Paul being represented as going up to Jerusalem to see Peter, has been the invention of the Roman Section for the purpose of establishing the supremacy of Peter.

THE GREAT SUBJECTS OF THE WORK—THE TRUE MESSIAH—SPIRITUAL
CHRISTIANITY—APPLICATION OF MATHEMATICS TO MORALS—
THE RESURRECTION—THE MOUNTAIN—PARADISE.

We leave Galatians, at least for the present, and proceed to that part of the work, which Mr. White has called, "Introductory to the consideration of the Style, Intelligence and Spirit of the Evangelist John."

Every part is full of the most important, serious, and learned considerations; but none more so than this introductory dissertation. The author has very properly prefaced it with extracts from the works of Chrysostom, Wetstein, Michaelis, Paley, and Dr. Chalmers. For the purpose of giving the reader some idea of the opening of Mr. White's dissertation, and showing the veneration he entertains for the gospels, we quote the beginning—which will also enable the reader to see the qualities of the style and language:—

"It is remarkable how much knowledge acquired, intuitive or revealed, modifies and changes the characters of things. The same object beheld by different men appears altogether different. The fault, of course, lies not so much in the objects themselves, as in the beholders. Hence, for example, the men commissioned of old to view the promised land gave a frightful representation, which others considered delightful and charming. Preconceived and false notions, derived as much from education as personal incapacity, have entirely changed the face and nature of the gospels. The authors themselves, as a matter of course, must share the obloquy which ever attends a false representation. In the midst, however, of the many books that challenge the attention of mankind, the four gospels stand alone. Though distinct and separate, they all, like four rivers bending their way to the ocean, take one direction, which is incapable of being misunderstood. Like separate rivers, however, they may differ in their lengths, breadths, depths, windings, or velocities, but they never differ in their course or forget

their destinations. They all move on, it may be, forgive the expression, apparently simply, oftener thoughtfully and judiciously, sometimes very sorrowfully, oftener nobly and majestically, in their course. Their banks, like the Clyde or the Thames, the Euphrates or the Danube, may be more or less diversified or picturesque, but their channels abound with the waters of life, of which if a man drink, he shall even live for ever."

Throughout the whole, however, of the work, the style is equally good. He then proceeds to give briefly a view of the Messiah of John—that this Messiah differs altogether from the vulgar, improper notions of Christendom—that it is, in short, a personification of the God—of the God in humanity; and here we must allow the author to speak for himself:—

"But laying aside all metaphor, we maintain that it will be found, on a close and critical inspection and understanding of the gospels, that the endless differences, with which reputed infidels have justly but ignorantly reproached reputed Christians, are not real but apparent; that they are the consequences of an atheistical and literary ignorance, which it is our duty, be the consequences what they may, to endeavour to sweep away; that, in short, the vulgar miracles themselves, so boastingly and ignorantly held up and appealed to by the reputed false friends of the Messiah of God for the truth of their system, though really and essentially descriptive of the object of the narrators, are, after fifteen hundred years of eternal quarrelling, holy figurative and parabolic truths; that, moreover, instead of an individual *personally* perambulating the length and breadth of Palestine, according to the conceptions of the false churches of Christendom, it is a personification of the God, who in all ages and countries has been and still is, here admired, loved, feared, worshipped—there hooted, mocked, stoned, condemned under the semblance of law and justice, and finally crucified by the selfish, cunning, voracious animal nature of Adam, which in itself is only evil, and that continually!"

We demur at this absolute allegorizing of holy writ. It requires, however, little reflection to see what a rectification of things even this view opens up to the inhabitants of Christendom. What volumes upon volumes it gives to the winds! What quibblings and quarrellings and cruel sectarianisms it at once annihilates or throws overboard entirely! It breaks for ever the fetters and chains, under which the iron-bound miserable captives have writhed and groaned for centuries. See the path it opens up for man to progress to perfection! No longer shall the bickerings of the Unitarian and Trinitarian disturb us! No longer shall a Hume be an outcast of society, because he stumbled at the vulgar *unchristian* interpretation of the parabolic miracles! For some of these happy results we have to thank the author.

To arrive, however, at these results, Mr. White does not violate, *as the vulgar translations do*, the Greek text of the Holy Gospel. On the contrary, he is the most strict and literary supporter of the Greek of John of antiquity or modern times. No one has defended the holy Evangelist and his Greek so strongly, and we may add, so ably, as the author has done. He shows how the translators have violated the Greek text to make it harmonize with a fabulous personage, a false Messiah—an individual never contemplated by the authors of the gospels—a being utterly derogatory to His spirit, and the nature and qualities of His government and arrangement of the heavens—that,

in short, these very gospels are Sacred Dramas, mixed up with some common local, historical, geographical and learned truths of that age and country.

There are many circumstances connected with the Tragedy of the Messiah, crowded in the last day of his life. He is taken, tried, condemned, carries his cross for some distance, and crucified in a few hours. It is remarkable that the monks of Calvary act at certain seasons of the year the different characters of the Drama, as they are related in the gospels.

SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY.

We cannot dwell longer on this branch of the subject. The doctrine of the spirit has been most miserably mangled by the false conceptions of Christendom. It appears from Mr. White's translations, that Paul and the disciples maintained the necessity of all mankind *DOING the good* in spirit—in other words, that whatever mankind do within—in *spirit*, the act produces corresponding effects upon the individual. For example, to make the matter clear,—for here there is no Mysticism,—an individual working in anger, hourly, or daily, or nightly, reaps corresponding results, not only in himself, but his progeny, if he happens to have any—an individual working with a spirit of cunning, produces cunning results or consequences in himself and his progeny—an individual working in the spirit of lasciviousness, becomes a lascivious being, working in the spirit also of pride produces its resemblance. Hence, the philosophy of the science, the philosophy of Christianity. Hence, it will be inferred, that we have a power vested in ourselves to direct more or less the spirit within us. Hence, referring to the reasoning of Paul with the Galatians,—

MR. WHITE'S TRANSLATION.

This only do I wish to learn of you ; did you receive the spirit from the works of the law, or from the understanding of the truth ? Are you so foolish ? After having begun in spirit, do you now perfect yourself by the flesh ? Have you experienced such effects to no purpose, if indeed to no purpose ? Does he then, who is *DIRECTING* in you the spirit, and working miracles within you, do it from the works of the law, or the understanding of the truth ?

THE LEGALIZED.

This only would I learn of you ; received ye the spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith ? Are ye so foolish ? Having begun in the spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh ? Have ye suffered so many things in vain ? If it be yet in vain. He therefore that ministereth to you the spirit, and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith ?

This, however, is merely introductory to the consideration of the doctrine of the spirit. The word, however, rendered miracles, *δυνάμεις* does not, as Mr. White remarks, contemplate *miracles* vulgarly so called, but the sure and certain operations of the *πνεῦμα*, or spirit of the individual, on his material system—his brain and nerves and whole man—so that there is a positive and direct philosophic connection between the cause and the effect. Hence there are no means by which the individual can escape the consequences of his spirit or his doings in the spirit. Hence one may deceive or think he deceives his fellow creatures, but he cannot escape the reach of the laws of the

Eternal, who reigns over and in the spirit. Hence the doings or iniquities of the soul or kind of spirit are transmitted from father to son, from mother to daughter. Further, from Romans, on the same subject—the connection between the doings of the spirit of the man and the consequences. We shall, as before, give Mr. White's translation, for the purpose of showing its superiority, and contrasting it with the vulgar.

MR. WHITE'S.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God for salvation, to every one that truths [it], to Jew and Greek alike. For God's justice is revealed in it from truth to truth, as it is expressed, the just indeed shall live by truth; for God's retribution is revealed from heaven against every wickedness and injustice of men that wickedly COUNTERACT THE FEELING OF THE TRUTH, because THE KNOWLEDGE of God evidently exists within them, seeing God has enlightened them; his very invisible qualities, indeed, even his eternal power and divinity, are clearly obvious to the creatures from the structure of the universe; AFTER which they are inexcusable.

THE LEGALIZED.

For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, the just shall live by faith. For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it to them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, [even] his eternal power and godhead; SO THAT THEY are without excuse.

It is here also that we see the same philosophic connection between the doings in spirit and the effects upon the body; or between the obvious counteractions of the light of God within mankind, and the horrid baneful consequences which attend them. We are surprised Mr. White did not render *oupanos*, generally rendered *heaven*, *light*—coming as it does from the Hebrew word *אור*, *lucidum esse*, *light*. The Greek letters *oup* are the very Hebrew. We have no doubt that the learned author saw this; and we rather think that in the next edition he will sanction this translation. Christianity, then, is nothing but one uninterrupted chain of truths—from the spirit to and on the material; and from the material, with its manifestations of being, sympathies and antipathies, and its organs of sense, to and upon the external world and the other beings, either of a higher or lower order. Hence the dog recognizes and feels a *bad being* in the form of a man, and resists him—antipathy; a good being, and is attracted to and by him—sympathy. The dog does not resist or counteract the light; he does not invert the order of things—make good evil and evil good: he has more sense.

THE APPLICATION OF MATHEMATICS TO MORALS.

Willingly would we dwell longer on the exhibition of other examples of the same spiritual Christianity, and its higher forms of being in the shape of higher men; but we refer to the work. Another ramification, however, of the same philosophy claims our attention; we mean the application of the light of mathematics to morals—a view of the chain of the philosophy of things in man and Christianity, which no man, in

modern times, has supported before him. Let us do justice. Whatever truth there is here, it originates with the author. The learned author introduces the subject from the truisms of John, or those put into the mouth of the Messiah. Here let us quote shortly for illustration :—

“ Truisms of John.—The truisms of John is another ramification of the same topic of repetitions. Though mankind, however, delight in truisms and their connection, they, in a state of evil, frequently manifest an antipathy when they are applied to themselves. Many called philosophers, glory in the application of truisms to a certain class of physical things, optics and astronomy, while they obstinately resist their application to the moral physical existence and happiness of man. According to these absurd one-eyed creatures, truisms, or mathematics, have no connection whatever with the subject, even though the principle on which the laws of common physics depend is equally applicable to the laws of mind and moral existences. The perception of the connection between cause and effect shines as distinctly in the morals of life, as in the demonstration of a law of the physics of matter. The separation of the two is at once an impious and monstrous absurdity, of which only monstrous one-eyed things can be guilty. The light that predicts the fate and fall of an erring kingdom, predicts also the fate and fall of an erring planet.”

We do not see well how the conclusions can be resisted.

THE MOUNTAIN, TO ΟΡΟΣ.

There are few subjects in the work that will attract more attention and excite greater surprise than *the mountain* of the gospels and the Old Testament, which Mr. White has given to the world. No one, in modern times, has given elucidations of the subject but himself. Unfortunately we have not a translation, from which one can gather the truth of the Greek. The vulgar clergy are always talking to the people of the mountain of bricks and mortar—of earth and granite—primary and secondary rocks, to which the Messiah *went—rather goes up*—to teach his disciples. Earthly people understand only earthly considerations. It cannot be otherwise. They are earthly; and therefore speak only of the earth. We do not understand the things about *the mountain*, say they, in the darkness of their minds and the hardness of their hearts. How can you? *The fruit of the flesh is flesh, and the fruit of the spirit is spirit*, as Mr. White renders. *Living* in a *low* state of things, how can you have any notion of the life of a higher. When Christ *descends* to the base of the mountain, you begin to understand him. Why is this? Merely because he is coming near the earthly element in which you live. When he *ascends*, however, to the higher regions of man, or rather the Divinity, he is *in the clouds* to you. This is very strange! It is, indeed; but not stranger than true. What do even the great crowd of mankind, as we may properly remark, *know* of the higher physical knowledge—well known to higher orders of men? Even this knowledge is darkness to you; so blind are you, in this respect, that you cannot even understand this, though a demonstration of the truth were made as clear as possible. We refer you, however, to the work of Mr. White, where you will find some references to *the mountain* of the true Messiah.

THE RESURRECTION.

However little you may know of the mountain, less probably you do know of the resurrection, which the author has unfolded in his extraordinary dissertation. Your resurrection resembles the granite mountains of Upper and Lower Galilee, which the Messiah ascended for the purpose of teaching his disciples. You are, however, here again as far out of your latitude as there. You live in the lowest material element, and talk of the little you do know, as if it were the all and in all—as if it were the perfection of things. Selfish and sensual, you dream of selfish and sensual objects. Your heaven, like yourselves, is composed of gross and animal pursuits—of a spirit and materials, which would lead only to discord and dissolution. “Heaven, which Mr. White has translated for you from the Syrian, Bar Hebræus, is composed of a cloud of celestial virtues or elements. What, then, can you, pursuing, as you do, the most earthly and selfish pursuits and illiberal notions, know of this kingdom of heaven? What, we repeat, can you know of the matter? Words, as Mr. White remarks, writing on this subject, indeed, may be presented, but words without ideas are ciphers. Similes and comparisons, tropes and figures the most expressive and beautiful, may be employed for illustration; still the subject, though a dead letter to you, may be a living one to others.”

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRANSLATION.

The great number of important matters of which the work treats do not leave us much space for their consideration. The work, indeed, is a total revolution of the old false notions of Christendom. It is not strange, therefore, that it is difficult to give even briefly some outline of the whole. Mere verbal criticisms are always worthy of consideration: and are sometimes, though not always, very essential. Of the latter class of words we might instance Mr. White's translation of *προς εαυτους*, *to themselves*,* which the legalized translators have falsely rendered to THEIR OWN HOME—a translation altogether foreign to the subject, and the very existence of the Christianity of the Evangelists—a translation, however, in perfect harmony with the Messiah of their own earthly imaginations. This verbal translation of Mr. White will be an eternal living commentary on man and the true Messiah, while the Scriptures exist. The following, from Galatians, third chapter, will be always considered good:—

MR. WHITE'S.

Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, when he made himself a curse for us; for it is written, cursed is every one that *hangs on SINA*.

LEGALIZED.

Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, cursed is every one that hangeth on a TREE.

After this, *ξυλου*, rendered *Sina*, which is very satisfactory, *ινα* follows, thus:—

ΙΝΑ εἰς τὰ ἔθνη ἡ εὐλογία τοῦ Ἀβρααμ γενηται ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ, ἵνα τὴν ἐπαγγελίαν τοῦ πνεύματος λαβώμεν διὰ τῆς πίστεως.

Mr. White has construed *ινα* here *every where*, which, though he

* John, xx. 10.

has given, he does not insist upon it. We think so too. In the next edition we would recommend *that*, which is the common. It does not, however, materially affect the sense. The following *iva*, however, of the second chapter, thus :—

ΜΟΝΟΝ ΤΩΝ ΠΤΩΧΩΝ ΙΝΑ ΜΗΜΟΝΕΥΜΕΝ.

MR. WHITE'S.

Nevertheless the poor EVERY WHERE we should remember.

THE LEGALIZED.

Only the poor THAT we should remember.

We give the following translation of Mr. White's, for truth, brevity and precision, elegance and energy, to be contrasted with the falsehood, clumsiness, and a something *that drags its slow length along*, of the legalized. The Greek is—

Αδελφοι, κατα ανθρωπον λεγω, ομως ανθρωπου κερυρωμενην διαθηκην ουδεις αθετει η επιδιασσεται.

MR. WHITE'S.

Brethren, I speak as a man; none CURTAILS or adds to a covenant, even of a man, which had been in a state of authority.

THE LEGALIZED.

Brethren, I speak after the manner of men; THOUGH *it* is but a man's covenant, yet *if it be confirmed*, no man *disannulleth* or addeth thereto.

What a miserable attempt at translation does the legalized version present? It will be difficult for the English scholar to conceive whence can arise the great differences. The Greek scholar himself, on seeing Mr. White's translation, will scarcely credit his own senses, that two such opposite translations can come from the same Greek words. Equally will both be surprised to find the following translations coming from the same Greek, verse seventeen of the same chapter. Greek, *Τουτο δε λεγω, διαθηκην προκεκυρωμενην υπο του Θεου εις Χριστον, ο μετα ετη τετρακοσια και τριακοντα γεγονως νομος ουκ ακυροι, εις το καταργησαι την επαγγελιαν.*

MR. WHITE'S.

This, however, I do affirm, that the law which arose four hundred and thirty years after, does not deprive a covenant, which had been in a state of authority under God, of its authority, by the destruction of the declaration.

THE LEGALIZED.

And this I say, that the covenant, which was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect.

Mr. White follows a number of manuscripts that do not contain *εις Χριστον*. In other respects, the Greek is the same: or look at this, verse twenty-third :—

MR. WHITE'S.

Before, however, the arrival of the truth, we guarded ourselves by law, shut up AFTER the coming truth had been revealed.

THE LEGALIZED.

But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up UNTO the faith, WHICH SHOULD AFTERWARDS BE REVEALED.

Would you believe it, English scholars? As for you, Grecians, we refer you to the text. Take the following obvious very plain passage :—

MR. WHITE'S.

There is not a Jew nor a Greek, there is not a slave nor a freeman, there is not a male AND a female.

THE LEGALIZED.

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male NOR female.

The legalized version separates the male *and* the female, which the Greek does not authorize.

Let us take two or three passages from Romans.

The following is given for accuracy and very strict attention to the Greek. Speaking of the bad, Paul says, in the first chapter:—

MR. WHITE'S.

Whisperers, slanderers, impious, insolent, haughty, vain, devisers of destructive actions, *undutiful* to parents, *senseless, thoughtless, heartless, faithless, merciless.*

THE LEGALIZED.

Whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, *disobedient* to parents, *without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.*

This of the third chapter :

MR. WHITE'S.

For all have sinned, and stand in need of the glory of God, justified as they are freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God formerly arranged to be a propitiation, through the truth, in his blood, **FOR A DEMONSTRATION** of his justice, by the remission of the sins that previously arose through the forbearance of God, **FROM A DEMONSTRATION** of his justice in the present time, **AFTER HIS OWN** just nature, and the justifier of the [Son] of the truth of Jesus.

THE LEGALIZED.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith, in his blood, **TO DECLARE** his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; **TO DECLARE, I say, at this time, his righteousness: THAT HE MIGHT** be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

THE GREEK PREPOSITIONS ΕΙΣ, ΕΞ, OR ΕΚ BEFORE THE CONSONANT.

There are many extraordinary translations in the work before us. Of this description the Greek preposition *εις* is one. No learned man, in modern Christendom, has exhibited in the Scriptures, an example of this preposition, with such a meaning, but the author before us; yet in several examples, which he has given of this translation, so evident is the meaning, that almost every English reader will see and feel the truth and beauty of the sense. Of such the following are instances. In the third chapter of Matthew we have *εγω μεν βαπτιζω υμας εν υδατι εις μετανοιαν*.

MR. WHITE'S.

I indeed baptize you with water **AFTER** repentance.

THE LEGALIZED.

I indeed baptize you with water **UNTO** repentance.

Erasmus, Calvin, Luther, and Melancthon's translations are the same—**AD** pœnitentiam. Men, you, the people will say, baptize **AFTER** but not **BEFORE** or **UNTO** repentance, which is nonsense.

In the sixth of Romans, we have *συνεταφημεν ουν αυτω δια του βαπτισματος εις τον θανατον*, *We men buried with him in baptism* **AFTER** death. Men bury **AFTER** and not **BEFORE** or **UNTO** death. Moreover, see the translations below. The differences are essential.

MR. WHITE'S.

He even took the rite of circumcision, a seal of the justice of the truth, which exists in the uncircumcision **AFTER** he was [the] Father of all that believe during uncircumcision, **AFTER** the imputation of the justice also to these.

THE LEGALIZED.

And he received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith, **WHICH HE HAD YET BEING UNCIRCUMCISED: THAT HE MIGHT BE THE Father of all them that believe, THOUGH THEY BE NOT CIRCUMCISED; that righteousness MIGHT BE IMPUTED unto them also.**

In these examples, the sense speaks for itself, and requires no comment; besides, it can be proved, from the nature and construction of the Greek verbs with the article *το* before the infinitive, that the meaning is not *future*, a sense in which these learned men have exhibited the Greek phrase, such as *εις το λογισθηναι, εις το σπριχθηναι, εις το γενησθαι υμας, εις το ειναι*. This mode of construction moreover is not peculiar to the learned Greek language; for it belongs, in a minor degree, to our own and all modern languages. Hence the position of our article *the* before our participles, *the doing* of the thing. The participle in this state becomes a noun. It may also be shown, as Mr. White has done, that there are examples of *εις* bearing the sense of *AFTER* without reference to these, to which we refer our readers, proved altogether from another source. Hence there are indeed three kinds of proof in favour of Mr. White's translation: first, the sense; second, the nature and construction of the Greek verbs with the article prefixed; third, examples where the preposition is so used by others.

One case only of ΕΞ—the meaning of which will be evident to all: the example is from the Dissertation on John: *οτι η σωτηρια ΕΚ των Ιουδαιων εστιν*: these are the translations:

MR. WHITE'S.

Because salvation exists OUT OF the Jews.

THE LEGALIZED.

Because salvation IS OF the Jews.

Or, as Mr. White has rendered in the explanation, *beyond, or out of the pale*, of which an example is given from Homer, in the same sense. Our readers will consult the passage for themselves, in connection with the sense. The true Messiah is not confined to the Jews, as our ignorant translators have construed the passage.

We would gladly proceed to the consideration of the first seventeen verses of the Gospel of John, which Mr. White has translated, and presented one of the most extraordinary and consistent translations ever given to the world, but we must decline it for the present. What a state of things does this present in a country calling itself literary! Ay, too, with the seal of the learned Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Dublin—with the seal, too, of our Majesty the Queen, and the United Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland! Bible and Missionary Societies, too, translating this literature into all languages under heaven! Even into the Chinese, Dr. Morrison has rendered these contradictions. What a revolution!

We beg now to close this part of the subject. Enough has been presented to the general reader to enable him to see the immense differences between Mr. White's translation and the legalized. The extracts, without any comment, speak for themselves. There are many others equally eloquent and satisfactory.

DR. TURTON, OF CAMBRIDGE, AND DR. WISEMAN, ONE OF THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS—THE PUSEYITES.

This work, which may be considered a death-blow to *Puseyism*, has strong claims on the attention of these learned men. They will here

find ample room for the exercise of their heads and pens—room for religion, morality, philosophy, history and the literature of ten or twelve languages, which Mr. White has brought to bear upon the subject. Take the work all in all, there is not its equal in our language. Our clergy have been hitherto in the habit of running to Germany for Greek literature. Here, however, they will find ample materials nearer home for their consideration. The German scholars, too, several of whom are noticed and criticized, will, no doubt, be anxious to see the book. Our English readers will, find many explanations of the proper names of the Gospels, from the Syriac, not to be found in the language. In fine, whatever differences of opinion may exist on some minor points, we will say that all students of divinity, all lovers of literature, all friends of truth and philosophy, morality and religion, will be grateful for the production. It closes with a portrait of the Messiah, which we are quite sure will be appreciated every where.

The work, which is so much connected with the legalized version of the Scriptures, is very properly dedicated to the Queen, as legal head of the Protestant Church of England and Ireland. In the dedication, a clause of a sentence has been left out after it must have passed correctly through the author's hands, for the work has been composed with great care. The omitted words are supplied in the margin of our copy, thus—"After all the hue and cry about Greek literature, from this and that quarter, *the people must not see* the beautiful delineations of themselves and the holy mountain, on which the Messiah and the good live." The Italic characters point out the omitted clause: in other respects the work is well printed, and does credit to all parties concerned.

MODERN GREECE.

BY MYLES GERALD KEON, ESQ.

BEFORE the Chevy Chase, there was current, in Scotland, a prophecy that "a Douglas dead should win a foughten field." Now, I do not, certainly, pretend to the rank of a seer, nor do I in any manner affect the gift of prophecy; but one who does not prophesy, may, at least, prognosticate—and there are, at present, certain signs in the political heavens of Europe which seem to me to augur the approaching resurrection of Greece upon the ruins of that empire, which is now built on no other ruins than her own. So that if "a Douglas dead has won a foughten field," a departed Constantine may soon re-win a contested empire. It is my firm belief he *will*. Constantinople will, before forty years are gone over our heads, be the capital of Greece, and not of Turkey. Every thing seems verging towards this; and a golden consummation indeed would it be, of all the present,—the not yet ended Oriental turmoils! We shall then have our European family, without the interloper; we shall have an indomitable barrier to the perfidious and tiger-like (because at once fierce and stealthy) march of Russia; we shall have a young and vigorous empire that will stand for itself,

and not require the support of all the powers of Europe to lean on, and that tottering, whenever a rebellious province frowns on her; we shall have an Eastern France to counterbalance a Western one; we shall have an Eastern Spain to set example to a Western one; we shall have a glorious Peninsula, fertile to the last, the most unimaginable degree, and basking in the smiles of the softest, the most sunny clime of heaven,—occupied once again, not by a rotten and contaminating vessel of disease—not by a nation that may properly be called the people of the pestilence—not by an upstart monarchy of yesterday, but—by whom? by the immortal Greek! by a people who have a genealogy to show, who boast an honourable national pedigree! *Honourable* did I say? Where is the pedigree that can match with theirs? and if the Greek is degenerated from the character of his ancestors, is it not the degeneracy of the exile from his father's house? of the unencouraged—of the disowned—of the disinherited—of the discarded? Yes, yes! *that is his degeneracy!*

But the time is not distant when his birthright shall be restored; when the rightful heir shall be reinstated in his ancestral domain; when the land, which still breathes of the forefather, shall be given to the descendant, and when not a monumental ruin—not a classic relic throughout its confines—but shall be looked upon by eyes that can appreciate them as precious symbols of “the light of other days,” now paled and gone out in the desecrating presence of the alien, the barbarian, and the conqueror, all in one. Even already the conqueror has been conquered, and the intruder swept from the “holy, haunted ground,” which recalls the memory of Miltiades. Soon the “sunny Greek” will have his sunny clime again. For, *Constantine is abroad.*

Until a few years ago, when that small beginning of a great, glorious and magnificent end, the war of independence, auspiciously arrived, the situation of the Greek was more lamentable and humiliating than that of the negro of the Sugar islands; the difference between them being this: that while both Greek and negro were slaves, the latter had, at least, nothing about him to remind his heart of the better times which he had once known; while the former saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing in all the country round, but what recalled the glorious days of Greece to his weary recollection. To be a slave is bad; to be a slave when you are heir, and should be master, is infinitely worse; but for the heir to be a slave to strangers, in his father's house, what name of wretchedness shall I find dark enough to portray this harrowing condition?)

And yet no end has there been of philanthropic agitation for the abolition of the slave trade. The negro is to be disenthralled—but the Greek? Is not *he*, too, a slave? No, not now! his degeneracy is shaken off, and he is slave no more! But he is not yet what he should be: for, at the portals of his father's house stands the son of Pericles, and he is denied admittance, by the Turk!

Now, where would be the wrong, where the harm, where even the European impolicy of transferring the enthusiasm which still starts up at the name of Poland—of transferring this enthusiasm from a people which it cannot benefit, to a people which it could transform even into

a Continental power? Credit me, it is unavailing to weep over Poland. Poland is past revival; and if you go on mourning, wailing, and lamenting the fall of a gallant people, whom neither mourning, wailing, nor lamentation can now again raise up, you only prepare for yourself a feeling of remorse, when the time comes that shall show Russia's *second* endeavour at national dismemberment. Either Constantinople becomes the capital of Greece, or Constantinople and Turkey, and Greece, and all, become surely, inevitably, speedily, the prey of Russia! Poland should be a warning, but not now a distraction. Look to the living, and cease your unavailing attendance on the dead! Had the Polish agitation (for so it must be called) commenced in time, much might have been achieved; even that ill-fated land *might* have been rescued; *and will you then wait until you have another Poland to bewail?* On this second crisis, at least, commence in time, or beware remorse! There is a Poland that *can* be revived, calling on you from one utterly past revival, and bidding you assist in as glorious an undertaking as the Cid's, as the Great Frederick's, as Rienzi's! And is Greece, too, not as fair a name as Poland? Has she not as hallowed a history, recollections as glorious, and associations as interesting; with a doom less deserved, more fallen, more pitiable,—and yet ten thousand times more retrievable?

But, perhaps, Europe generally would suffer from the resuscitation of the empire of Constantine, and the destruction of that of Turkey? What! Europe suffer from the substitution of an insuperable barrier against Russian aggrandizement,—for such a barrier as Russia herself has aided and abetted her own ill-wishers in keeping up, convinced that it was a weaker and a frailer one than even Mehemet Ali would have been? Lord Palmerston supports Turkey—because, forsooth, the balance of Europe requires it: and why does the balance of Europe require it? *That Turkey may be a barrier to Russia.* Now, how can Turkey, which is not a barrier even against its own provinces, be expected to prove a barrier against Russia? Can anything be more preposterous than this, except to suppose that Russia, famed immemorially for her far-sighted and crafty, not to say perfidious, policy,—to suppose that she would join in raising up a barrier against herself, if she thought the means adequate to the end? And has she not joined heart and hand in preserving Turkey from Mehemet Ali? This, then—this preservation of Turkey, may, in opposition to Lord Palmerston, (and with due deference to his genius,) be pronounced by no means an adequate barrier against the aggrandizement of Russia: indeed it might be pronounced so, one would fancy, by a mere appeal to the fact of Russia's preferring Turkey to remain where she is, than that Mehemet Ali should stand in lieu of her. But, how can Turkey, which found itself unable, single-handed, to check the advance of one of its own pitiful subordinates, be expected to check the advance of so mighty an empire as Russia? Turkey is *no* barrier! Formerly, in her young and vigorous days, perhaps, she was; but never again can we hope it. Like her opium-eating children, she has grown prematurely old, and, in the annals of empires, in the annals of the world, there has not been a more pitiable national spectacle than, during the

late contest with her Pacha, she exhibited. Knocked down, at first, she returns to the charge with all Europe holding up her sinking hands; with the resources of other kingdoms bolstering, and pillowing, and bandaging up her diseased, and worn-out, and utterly nerveless frame, she returns and strikes with foreign power, to gain a victory not her own!

And is this bolstered, this pillowed, this bandaged cripple—this famished, this dying skeleton, whose hands are actually held aloft, and brandished, and wielded, and struck with, not by itself, or its own despicable strength, but by a crowd of supporting kingdoms,—is *this* to be our champion against Russia? is *this* to be the security of our Western civilization—*this* the hope of Europe,—this the barrier that shall arrest the sweeping advance of the mightiest empire under Heaven? Oh! well did Russia know her game, when she tenderly assisted in keeping Turkey where she stands! Better for her, that the *semblance* of a barrier should subsist between her confines and the rest of Europe, than that, no barrier nor semblance of one subsisting, all the world should be up in arms, and ready for her swoop. *Turkey is but the cradle of a false security, in which the hope of Europe must be rocked!*

I take a pleasure in recording these my opinions—these my certainties—knowing that the time is fast approaching which will at once verify *them*, and justify me who hold them. Well, but Lord Palmerston probably conceived that to suffer Turkey to be still further weakened (weak enough, God knows, already!) by the encroaching ambition of Mehemet Ali, would be making all that large territory a blank, and opening the gates of Europe to the Russians. And has he then never heard of Greece? Oh, it is but a speck! Yes! it is like that seminal particle in the guise of which Edmund Burke fancies the angel of Lord Bathurst to have revealed to that peer the incipient America! In *this* sense, and in this sense only, superficial minister! is it a speck! Turkey must, in spite of every extraneous effort, speedily fall. No assistance from without, no raising-up of the frame and holding it aloft, while the heart is dying within, can long protract the spark of Turkey's national life! There is a disease at the core; and as well might you hope to prolong the existence of an expiring soldier, by raising up his person, and giving him once more his proud military attitude, after his vitals had felt the fatal ball, as hope that such exterior aids as armies and subsidies from other kingdoms can permanently save this sickly state, rent and torn as it is in all directions by intestine troubles, prostrated to the earth by one of its underlings, and raised again in all the ghastliness of national decrepitude, not by its own exertions—(*that*, it was past)—but by the hands of surrounding empires!

The experiment was made in Spain. That Peninsula, prostrated by Napoleon, was raised up again by England, and presented a sufficiently formidable front while England stood by, and kept her in the attitude to which she had lifted her: but when England departed, what spectacle did Spain exhibit? The most lamentable scene of political confusion that has disgraced the face of Europe for centuries! Libertines, atheists, swarms of guerillas—no national power—no national

authority—no national respectability—and, to crown all, a pitiable, disgraceful, despicable, six years' bandit war, with neither heroism, nor gentleness, nor courtesy, nor intellect, to redeem its general features of barbarity! This was Spain revived; and if Spain has not *fallen*, it is because there is no one to cast her to the ground. She is weaker now than when Napoleon overthrew her. Neither Spain, then, nor Turkey, nor any other country, can be revived from a state of manifest decline, by a mere external assistance, without the moral spirit of resuscitation stirring within its heart. It requires a spark of something more than physical aid, to revive a sinking nation; it requires the *spirit of revival itself*—the *mens divini*—the ethereal, the Promethean fire of moral superiority. A nation, like an individual, has its soul, its mind, its spirit: and while that spirit continues, nothing can break that nation down; but when the spirit and the mind have flown, then the hulk, the carcase, the shell remain—a *hulk*, a *carcase*, and a *shell*!!

Now, has that spirit flown from Turkey? A spirit dwells not in a carcase! and Turkey is, nationally speaking, the latter. Can it, then, be reinfused into Turkey? The experiment has been made. The last Sultan, Mahmoud, one of the ablest monarchs of this or any other age, laboured his long life to reinfuse into his fated empire this spirit which had flown from it. And has he succeeded? Let Ibrahim Pacha and his father, let the negociations which have lately astonished the world, let the very journals of England, give the answer! Mahmoud endeavours to reinfuse the olden spirit into Turkey (well for Europe, perhaps, that he did not prosper in his attempt) and the battle of Nezib, with the bravery of its Turkish combatants, proclaims the extent of his success!

Turkey then must fall: she is this moment falling—dying in the very arms of England. But there is a land, small, indeed,—as Poland was,—but beautiful, and wealthy with Nature's gifts as any the Sun beholds, in which the moral spirit of resuscitation is at length awakened—in which the *mens divini* has begun to revive its long dormant reign, and feel its intermitted Promethean fires—the land, once of arts and arms—late, indeed, of arms alone—now of Hope—the land of Pericles and of Constantine, and, I may add, of Byron too,—the classic land of Greece! The Greeks have, at last, begun to think of their forefathers; they remember what they *have* been, (for it is publicly enforced on their recollections,) and they anticipate what they shall again be. And what is *this*, but to have that moral spirit of which I speak, and which constitutes the real strength of an empire?—that public pride, which will infallibly procure them their old and honourable inheritance, by making them seek it at the point of the sword?

If, when Mehemet Ali declared against Turkey, King Otho had been a Frederick the Great, he would have again planted the standard of Constantine on the city which bears his name. Egypt would have gleefully, laughingly, rapturously seconded him. Russia would, at first, have connived at the movement, until time had made it serious and formidable, and the rest of Europe would not have checked, or in any manner discountenanced the Greek King, provided he showed the slightest likelihood of keeping what he took. Could he but keep the

country, (and skill in himself, with panic at so sudden an assault in the Turks, would have facilitated his doing so,) most certainly the rest of Europe would not object to *his* fulfilling those purposes which it had made them support the Turks to see fulfilled by the latter. Provided there was a firm dynasty in those regions, serving as a bulwark between themselves and Russia, they would not care whether that dynasty were Greek or Ottoman: and as it would be their interest that the firmer of the two should remain, could the King of Greece only have crippled the Turks at the commencement, he would then have no one else to deal with; *he* would, then, be the firmer of the two, and that one which the interests of Europe would point to as their champion. Nay, the very nature of his enterprise would have dazzled half the world into an admiration for him, and enthusiasm as well as interest would, if he could at the outset beat the Turks, aid and abet his future career.

In contemplating such an enterprise, then, Otho would not have had to look forward to find fresh enemies in Western Europe, after overcoming the Turks themselves. No, if he overcame the Turks, the rest of Europe would have been his friends. They were as prizes, and their friendship was as a prize for the conqueror: or if matters were protracted, he who seemed to have the upper hand would be the one *whom their interests would point out, as to be seconded*. In all cases popularity follows success—in the present, as in every other event, it would have undoubtedly done so,—with this little difference, that impulse is the usual parent of the popularity which success obtains,—(a sort of sycophantic instinct),—whereas cool and ministerial calculation on the one hand, and an admiring enthusiasm on the other, would have been the producers of the European popularity of Otho, had he succeeded in such a supposed attempt. This was his position at the crisis of which I speak—that, had his design of seizing Turkey (supposing him to have entertained it) been known to the world before he began to execute it, he would have had Mehemet Ali and Russia for him, and all the rest of Europe (except France) against him. Had he begun, on the other side, to execute this design, before it was known to the world, there are two alternatives;—if he appeared likely to succeed, he would have had Mehemet Ali and all Europe, with the single exception of Russia, in his favour; but if he appeared likely to fail, all the world, excepting three countries, would have been against him. Those three countries would be Egypt, France, and Russia. Egypt for its own sake—France for the sake of Egypt—and Russia in order to injure Turkey. Otho's policy should have been, on Mehemet Ali's revolt, to concert a conspiracy with France, Egypt, and Russia; then to make a bold stroke; and if he succeeded, remain true and firm to Egypt and to France,—be courteous to the various nations of the West of Europe,—and be assured in his heart that he had one vast and terrible enemy—Russia; Russia, who, unlike the whole world besides, would, from the very nature of her policy and designs, always act as his friend when he was failing, and as his enemy when he was succeeding.

Thus, then, Otho might have safely calculated that *Turkey alone*, in the first instance, stood in his way; and that, as for those mighty

alliances which lately gathered round the Ottoman empire, they would have gathered as readily round himself, if he had at once struck a home blow at the power of the Turks. I have already mentioned the reasons. He would be placing himself in the very position of the Turks themselves. It would have been the interest of the rest of Europe to maintain some barrier in those regions against the Russians; and if the old barrier were struck down,—or, even without being struck down, appeared more frail and tottering than Otho's own dynasty,—then *he*, and not the Turks, would, in all sense, and reason, and policy, be the proper object of the general support of the West. And if it be asked, by way of objection, Why, then, did not Western Europe support Mehemet Ali when *he* overcame the Turks? the answer is plain and obvious—That as well might Alexandria be transported over the Archipelago, and as well might the Hellespont be expected to dry up, as Egypt (which is so out of the way of such a purpose) be expected to serve as an intermediate barrier between Russia and the West; therefore Egypt, even in conquest, was not so eligible an object of support, as Turkey in defeat. But, had the battle of Nezib been gained, within the heart of European Turkey itself, and near to Adrianople, why, the case would have been altered, and the name of the new Sultan would have been Mehemet Ali.

How much more, then, might it not be calculated on, that if, after, or during the victory of Nezib, King Otho had in a manner transferred the fruits of that victory to European Turkey, while the military strength of the Ottomans was all absent in Syria—and not merely absent, but expiring—if, *then*, he had, like another Frederick the Great, carried an army suddenly to Constantinople,—how much more, I ask, might it not be calculated on, that two enemies, in such a case, would have effected, what the Pacha *alone* would (clearly and admittedly) have been able to effect, had the locality of Nezib only been the locality of Adrianople? Had Otho only possessed genius and boldness, (the latter is the greatest characteristic of the statesman,) he might, at that happy conjuncture, have called himself Constantine, *really* the Second! But, as in a former paper I had occasion to quote—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
But, once omitted, all the voyage else,
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.”

Nothing is more true than a remark which I have somewhere read, and I greatly regret that I forget the author's name, for it is one of those valuable observations, which extract from history a philosophical advantage—and which, therefore, reflect the highest credit upon him who makes them, and merit for him an especial panegyric; but the remark itself is this,—that small states have not only oftener enjoyed, but are more likely oftener to enjoy, great monarchs, than ample empires are. I may add, that they need them far more also; and it would have been a glorious historical picture, which a great King, at the head of Greece, during the late complicated transactions, would have exhibited to the world.

The Sibyl of good fortune offered her nine volumes to King Otho,

and his drowsy eye does not even appear to have seen the Sybil herself.

Such, then, was Otho's opportunity, when the Egyptians won the victory of Nezib: later, while the English were carrying everything before them in Syria, and while the French were fortifying their own capital, and menacing war to Europe, the Sybil returned with *three* of her books to the Greek King; and had he, even then, advanced boldly and astonished the world with his enterprise, France, also, would have suddenly advanced, Mehemet Ali would have been relieved from the Turks; the English would have made a descent upon Greece; the Egyptians would have followed, to strike the striker; the Greeks would have, meantime, marched into Constantinople, and received the returning Turks as if they were invaders, and not home-bound fugitives; and then, if these complicated matters were protracted, Greek and Frenchman might have met on the northern frontiers of Turkey, to await together the advance of the English from the South, who would have the Egyptians insidiously behind them, while Russia would remain looking on, in order to declare herself the enemy of the conqueror. This would have been a sanguinary and not-so-much-to-be-desired order of things. With military genius, however, even then, and in these circumstances, Otho, assisted by the French and the Egyptians, would have become Emperor and Cæsar of Greece; the *three* volumes were here offered to him! For the present, he has not even these left to choose; but, by an unparalleled good fortune, for him, the crisis is returning, the opportunity re-approaching, and not the three merely, but the nine imperial books will soon be again within his grasp! Let him beware of a third omission! Ah! he is not a Cid, I very much apprehend, nor a Rienzi, nor a Richelieu, nor a Frederick the Great! As the Scottish Highlanders are related to have cried out at the fatal battle of Culloden,—(lost by want of military skill, not of military courage—by a defect of the *head*, not of the *heart*),—"Oh! for one hour of the Great Dundee!" So the Greeks may now well exclaim, "Oh! for one hour of Pericles!"

I may here observe, by the way, that if King Otho had done as I last supposed him to do, it would have precipitated that tremendous, but inevitable struggle, (you may delay—you cannot avert it,) between Russia and the other powers, between the East and the West, which Napoleon foresaw and foretold, and vainly endeavoured by his ill-starred expedition into Russia to forestall. And perhaps it would be well for Europe, if it were so precipitated, and not allowed to brood on and on, until Russia has reached the most prepared and the strongest of her power, while Europe lies slumbering in the most fatal fit (for, that will be watched, waited for, and chosen) of her false security. It is a natural impulse of human nature, which prompts us to procrastinate to an unguarded to-morrow, the danger, which we could meet with full safety, though with great labour, on to-day. This is a *natural* impulse; but, indeed, it is not a *wise* one. We should anticipate the blow before it falls, by felling him who meditates it. When a conflict *must* arrive—which is more statesmanlike,—to choose your own time for it, or to suffer your enemy to choose his? Frederick

the Second, whom I have so often quoted, thought the former plan wiser than the latter; and the commencement of his never-to-be-forgotten seven years' war, (that commencement which gave him such countless subsequent advantages,) was made upon this principle; he invaded those who would have invaded him. And so it is with *the territory of time*! But, (without entering into a prosaic dissertation on state generalities,) we shall now proceed with, and finish our speculations upon Greece.

King Otho, then, at the commencement of such an enterprise, would have had, (as I have shown,) no enemy but the Turks, to calculate against, during the immediate continuance of the conflict itself; whatever Russia might have afterwards become, had he succeeded in it, or the West of Europe, had he failed in it. He should have sent cheering accounts to France and Egypt, of the manner in which his conquest was proceeding, and most gloomy ones to Russia; this would be the proper way to secure the friendship of each.

Now, as I am speaking of the crisis when the battle of Nezib was fought, no doubt whatever can remain in the mind of any reasonable being, but that, at the first advance, he would have overrun the country, denuded as it was of its troops; but *would he have retained it*? I answer that, had he been the veriest imbecile and the weakest idiot that ever wore a crown, he must have retained it, with all Europe and Mehemet Ali assisting him; (England was then uncommitted;) but putting this assistance from the rest of Europe behind the curtain,—even without it he would, with skill and moral courage, have retained what he had seized. Turkey, once conquered and seized, is conquered and seized for ever! This I assert—*first*, from the reason of the thing—*secondly*, because I have two of the greatest statesmen who have ever lived to corroborate my opinion. Turkey, (to begin with my first motive of belief,) is a military despotism, in which no powerful *noblesse*, no recognized aristocracy, possessing an influence with the people, is existent. Once their sovereign is out of the way, (not, perhaps, by *death*, as Machiavel expressly, and *tot verbis* recommends,) but, once their sovereign and his family are out of the way, no noble with half the kingdom at his back rises in your path—all is smooth—Turkey is headless—her army beaten—her sovereign and family gone—(she *consists* only of a sovereign and an army; they *are* the nation); and nothing but the dead, inanimate, and unopposing trunk remains. Not so in France; beat her armies, destroy her royal family, and straightway starts up an indomitable peer to fill the place of king, and a host of hardy and attached peasants to be speedily metamorphosed into an army! Not so, again, in England; destroy the king and beat his armies, you have still *the people* to deal with. Turkey has no people; the Turks do not assemble together to debate constitutional questions, and make associations; they have no idea of coalition; they have no idea of bodies political; therefore, would they have no idea of that banding, uniting system, which alone could place in their hands a chance of retrieving their country's affairs, after their monarch and his troops had been destroyed.

The Turks have no aristocracy; the Turks have no people; they have but an army and a royal family; and once their army is beaten,

and their royal family out of the way, they are conquered for ever, unless assistance from abroad give them a temporary and deceptive invigoration. This, then, is my first motive for thinking, that if King Otho had rushed upon Constantinople, after the battle of Nezib, he would have reaped the most magnificent and the most permanent fruits from a victory which he never gained.

“Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves!
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves!
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves!”

My second motive for believing, that Turkey once conquered, is for ever conquered, derives itself from the fact of Machiavel and Frederick the Great, both expressly saying that *they* believed this. In Frederick's famous critique of Machiavel's Prince, (which I would recommend to the speedy perusal of Lord Palmerston,) almost the only single point where the Prussian monarch agrees with the Florentine minister, is that in which the latter takes exactly my view of this matter, and declares his conviction that Turkey required only to be conquered in order to be retained,—and that what is often the most difficult task of the conqueror towards other nations, would, as far as regarded Turkey, be identical with the first great victory. Now, since Machiavel's day, Turkey has not altered in the least, except to become weaker. She has even grown into a proverb for her stationary position in civilization and enlightenment. Here, then, in favour of my opinion, as to whether Otho would have retained, had he seized Turkey, when Nezib had been fought and won—here, in favour of my opinion,—I say, we have, first, the reasons which I have mentioned, and which my readers will in candour allow considerable weight to; and, secondly, the great, and, on these points, incontrovertible judgments of Machiavel and of Frederick the Great!—not to say my own!

Seriously, if it be doubted whether modern Greece has these capabilities within herself, it should be remembered that, for *capabilities*, of course, she has them; both peaceful and military capabilities abound in Greece. What can be more commercial, or better, in any way, than her situation? Does any one think that of Turkey preferable? Well, Greece will have *that too*, if she hearken to my advice, and the advice of hundreds who hold the same opinions as myself! As to her *military* capabilities, (which, after all, must procure her everything,) the late war, all barbarous as it was, yet showed sparks of the latent fire, that has begun, after centuries of thralldom and degradation, to burn again in its prescriptive—its sacred repository. There is an embryo light there, whose maturer blaze will illumine Western, and scare the tigers of Eastern, Europe back into Siberia. Had Greece now but another Elector of Brandenburg! Oh! for one short year of Frederick the Great! *That* would be sufficient!

There is, at this moment, in Greece, a state of things which bears a strong analogy to the situation Spain was in, immediately before the conquest of Granada. There are Mahomedans in Greece, as there were in Spain, plumed and adorned with the produce of anti-christian spoliation; Christians in Greece, as there were in Spain, stripped of

their immemorial possessions, and driven from their old and patrimonial haunts, by the Mahomedans. For centuries the Greeks have been slaves to their Mahomedan invaders,—as for centuries the Spaniards had, at that era, been to theirs. The Greeks have arisen, and shaken off the yoke, and gathered together in the most remote region of their once magnificent territory; the Spaniards, at that era, had just done the same. Now expect the conclusion of the parity, in the recovery of old and rightful possessions in Greece, even as in Spain! For, *the Greeks will have their conquest of Granada!*

As we have seen, then, for a thousand reasons, Turkey is verging rapidly towards its decline and fall. When that comes to pass, Russia will pour in at the North, and Greece, with all Europe to support her, ascend from the South. If Lord Palmerston, therefore, (or whoever else may, for the next ten years, guide the foreign policy of England) does not steal a march upon the enemy, and anticipate and confound him, by suddenly rearing the standard of Constantine, to protect that balance of power of which Turkey is a most *unavailing* protection; why, the consequence will be, that England will have to enter upon an Eastern Peninsular war, against an Eastern Napoleon, in order to effect late, with danger and distress, what she might effect early with security and ease!

It is vain, most lamentably, most ridiculously vain, to hope that such a stricken, palsied power, such a national phantom, as Turkey, should form an adequate bulwark against the mightiest and most portentous empire in the world. We ought to be more chary of the precious gifts of civilization, than to suffer Lord Palmerston to blind himself or us, with the fatal persuasion that this mockery of a defence will be sufficient. Again, I say, that Turkey is but the cradle of a false security, in which the hope of Europe is to be rocked! Away, then, with Turkey! and away with the hollow policy which desires us to rest our dearest national interests on so decrepit a support!

Let us substitute for this exanimate shell of a kingdom, a new and nascent empire, which shall have young life glowing in its veins, and young hope throbbing at its heart; let this glorious empire (which must come) owe somewhat of its coming to England, the native land of Constantine; let *us* raise once more the standard of the York Cæsar, in that region which he left our forefathers to govern! Away with Turkey! and, before it be too late, before Greece becomes another Poland, revive the empire of Constantine! Even Russia will pause before she ventures to assail so magnificent a structure. It is not yet made, however—it is not yet erected; and if this policy of maintaining Turkey, and overlooking Greece, continue to engross the ministers of England and of Austria, they will soon behold this decrepit empire, which occupies so much of their tender and solicitous attention, fade like a phantom, melt like a morning frost-work in their very arms;—and then, *then*, beware the *Future!*!

T. CARLYLE ON HERO-WORSHIP.*

OUR dearly beloved Carlyle! We cannot read this book of thine without emotion deep and tender. The big tear rolls down our cheek, as down the stag's!

Not that by the perusal thereof we are *staggered*, as the pseudo punsters and pseudo critics might declare—those who, in their wretched sectarianism, would exclaim, with both hands raised, against thee, as one who had chosen Odin for his Messiah, Mahomet for his prophet, Cromwell for his king;—not seeing the reason for thy doing this, and thy wise expediency in having done it. No, no, we see nothing strange and singular in this—on the contrary, it was the old familiarity of the ideas that glance out of thy pages which touched the point of sympathy within us, and made us feel how worthily, as well as dearly-beloved thou wert.

Six Lectures? There should have been seven. One is wanted to bind these six together. There are six work-day Lectures—but the Sabbatic one is missing—the one in which the mind should have found rest in principles, and seen how the facts unite themselves into laws for the delight of meditative intelligence.

The author only professes, however, to have broken ground on a grave and wide subject, which enters deeply, as he thinks, into the secret of mankind's ways and vilest interests in this world, and is well worth explaining at present. His last great man, or hero, is Napoleon—a king “who had no notary parchment to show for himself,”—but born of a revolutionary explosion. An imperfect king—an imperfect hero—cradled in scepticism, and never growing to a perfect sincerity of character or action. It would have been better for Napoleon if his bulletins had not been so many falsehoods. Yet, though his sincerity was not perfect in kind,—

“Napoleon,” says Carlyle, “*had* a sincerity: we are,” he adds, “to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuvres and quackeries of his, which were many and most blameable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt, were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers, ‘Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?’ The Atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great fact stares him in the face: ‘Who made all that?’ So too in practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipped one of the gold tassels from a window curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some

* On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures, Reported, with Emendations and Additions. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: James Fraser, Regent Street. 1841.

days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary: it was not gold but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. 'Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *resultat* in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!' He speaks often so to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

"And accordingly, was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down. This was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? '*La carrière ouverte aux talents*, The implements to him who can handle them:' this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian campaigns, onwards to the peace of Lœben, one would say, his inspiration is: 'Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!' Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong authority is; how the revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay, what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the king. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: 'These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!' They went, and put him there; they, and France at large. Chief-consulship, emperorship, victory over Europe;—till the poor lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

"But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatized from his old faith in facts, took to believing in semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian dynasties, popedom, with the old false feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false;—considered that *he* would found 'his dynasty,' and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was 'given up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie;' a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummery, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to

be the method of extirpating it, '*la vaccine de la religion*:' his ceremonial coronations, consecrations by the old Italian chimera in Notre-Dame there,— 'wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it,' as Augereau said, 'nothing but the half-million of men who had died to put an end to all that!' Cromwell's inauguration was by the sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of puritanism; its true decorations and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook: he believed too much in the *dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than hunger and this! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud; his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

"Alas! in all of us this charlatan-element exists, and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation!' But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognizable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out: the universe, with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

"The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, to be of courage; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German bookseller, Palm! It was a palpable tyrannous, murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,— waiting their day! Which day *came*: Germany rose round him. What Napoleon *did* will in the long run amount to what he did *justly*; what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talens*: that great true message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, rude-draught; as indeed what great man is not? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

"His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom he is France. England itself, he says, is by nature only an appendage of France; 'another Isle of Oleron to France.' So it was *by nature*, by Napoleon-nature; and yet look how in fact—*HERE AM I!* He cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his programme of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which is not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas! what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once

parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die,—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last great man!"

Nothing can be more true than this summation of Napoleon's history. We see in these few paragraphs the whole *morale* of it. Napoleon must be set at a greater distance from us before he can seem greater than this. Cromwell, for instance, does seem greater, much greater, to his contemplatist. Mr. Carlyle has undertaken Cromwell's defence. To him, Cromwell is the royalest of kings. He casts every term of scorn and contempt on the storiers and critics who have decried his hero as a hypocrite. He defends thoroughly the seemingly chaotic jumble that makes up Cromwell's printed speeches.

"*Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most; a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay, into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken, rude, tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The histories and biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of black and the inane. 'Heats and jealousies,' says Lord Clarendon himself: 'heats and jealousies,' mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of kings! Try if you can find that true. Scepticism writing about belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is blindness laying down the laws of optics."

Let this scorn, say we, wither up whoso may be witherable thereby, men whose intellects have dwindled to the "*vulpine*." Meanwhile we will think, with the lecturer before us, "how it actually was with Cromwell."

"From of old," he says, "the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on earth; trusting well that a remedy in heaven's goodness would come,—that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last for ever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a parliament, the right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the earth. Was not such a parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither. He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the law of Christ's Gospel

could now establish itself in the world ! The theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realized*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land : in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth ? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do ? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes ! This I call a noble true purpose : is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of statesman or man ? For a Knox to take it up was something ; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism ; the most heroic phasis that 'faith in the Bible' was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it : that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the right supremely victorious over wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact !

"Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in 'detecting hypocrites,' seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such statesman in England ; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years ; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten ; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him—England might have been a *Christian* land ! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, 'Given a world of knaves, to educe an honesty from their joint action ;'—how cumbrous a problem you may see in chancery law-courts and some other places ! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate ; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one."

The reason why Mr. Carlyle has chosen Cromwell and Napoleon to illustrate the part of his subject which treats of the Hero as King, is because he thinks that "in the history of these two the old ages are brought back to us, and the manner in which kings were made, and kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited."

"Find in any country the ablest man that exists there ; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him : you have a perfect government for that country ; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state ; an ideal country. The ablest man ; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the noblest man : what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn ;—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do. Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated ; that were the ideal of constitutions."

It is in such "ABLEST MAN" that Mr. Carlyle considers the divine right of kingship to reside. "That we know in some tolerable measure how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found : this is precisely the healing which a sick world is every where, in these ages, seeking after."

The French Revolution, according to our author, was the end of a drama which commenced with the Reformation of Luther.

"That the thing which still called itself Christian Church had become a

falsehood, and brazenly went about pretending to pardon men's sins for metallic coined money, and to do much else which in the everlasting truth of nature it did *not* now do; here lay the vital malady. The inward being wrong, all outward went ever more and more wrong. Belief died away; all was doubt, disbelief. The builder *cast away* his plummet; said to himself, 'What is gravitation? Brick lies on brick there!' Alas, does it not still sound strange to many of us, the assertion that there is a God's-truth in the business of god-created men; that all is not a kind of grimace, an 'expediency,' diplomacy, one knows not what?—

"From that first necessary assertion of Luther's, 'You, self-styled *Papa*, you are no father in God at all; you are a chimera, whom I know not how to name in polite language!'—from that onwards to the shout which rose round Camille Desmoulins in the Palais Royal, '*Aux armes!*' when the people had burst up against *all* manner of chimeras,—I find a natural historical sequence. That shout too, so frightful, half-infernal, was a great matter. Once more the voice of awakened nations;—starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of death-sleep, into some dim feeling that life was real; that God's-world was not an expediency and diplomacy! Infernal;—yes, since they would not have it otherwise. Infernal, since not celestial or terrestrial! Hollowness, insincerity *has* to cease; sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may, reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution, or what else, we have to turn to truth. Here is a truth, as I said: a truth clad in hellfire, since they would not but have it so!—

"A common theory among considerable parties of men in England and elsewhere used to be, that the French nation had, in those days, as it were gone *mad*; that the French Revolution was a general act of insanity, a temporary conversion of France and large sections of the world into a kind of Bedlam. The event had risen and raged; but was a madness and non-entity,—gone now happily into the region of dreams and the picturesque!—To such comfortable philosophers, the three days of July, 1830, must have been a surprising phenomenon. Here is the French nation risen again, in musketry and death-struggle, out shooting and being shot, to make that same mad French Revolution good! The sons and grandsons of those men, it would seem, persist in the enterprise: they do not disown it; they will have it made good; will have themselves shot, if it be not made good! To philosophers who had made up their life-system on that madness-quietus, no phenomenon could be more alarming. Poor Niebuhr, they say, the Prussian professor and historian, fell broken-hearted in consequence; sickened, if we can believe it, and died of the three days! It was surely not a very heroic death;—little better than Racine's, dying because Louis Fourteenth looked sternly on him once. The world had stood some considerable shocks in its time; might have been expected to survive the three days too, and be found turning on its axis after even them; the three days told all mortals that the old French Revolution, mad as it might look, was not a transitory ebullition of Bedlam, but a genuine product of this earth where we all live; that it was verily a fact, and the world in general would do well everywhere to regard it as such.

"Truly, without the French Revolution, one would not know what to make of an age like this at all. We will hail the French Revolution, as shipwrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to this false, withered, artificial time; testifying once more that nature is *preternatural*, if not divine, then diabolic; that semblance is not reality; that it has to become reality, or the world will take fire under it,—burn *it* into what it is, namely nothing! Plausibility has ended; empty routine has ended; much has ended. This, as with a trump of doom, has been proclaimed to all men. They are the wisest who will learn it soonest. Long confused generations before it be learned; peace impossible till it be! The

earnest man, surrounded, as ever, with a world of inconsistencies, can await patiently, patiently strive to do *his* work, in the midst of that. Sentence of death is written down in heaven against all that; sentence of death is now proclaimed on the earth against it: this he with his eyes may see. And surely, I should say, considering the other side of the matter, what enormous difficulties lie there, and how fast, fearfully fast, in all countries, the inexorable demand for solution of them is pressing on,—he may easily find other work to do than labouring in the sansculottic province at this time of day!

“To me, in these circumstances, that of ‘Hero-worship’ becomes a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of heroes being sent us: our faculty, our necessity, to reverence heroes when sent: it shines like a pole-star through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.”

We hope that our readers will not blame us for these long extracts. Consider them well, they contain all the politics that befit our era. Who would not then be grateful for their citation? Mr. Carlyle reads for us the riddle of the French Revolution clearly and distinctly. Does he not, however, attribute too much to literature as a cause in its production, when he speaks of Rousseau being “driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes?” This literature itself must be reckoned only as one of the effects related to a *common* cause. Yet as such it is greatly to be regarded, and should not be left in its present disorganized condition. We must concede that—

“Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that priesthood of the writers of books. This is a fact which he who runs may read,—and draw inferences from. ‘Literature will take care of itself,’ answered Mr. Pitt, when applied to for some help for Burns. ‘Yes,’ answers Mr. Southey, ‘it will take care of itself; and of you too, if you do not look to it!’

“The result to individual men of letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it under foot, and scatter it in all ways of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, it will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I called this anomaly of a disorganic literary class the heart of all other anomalies, at once product and parent; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces some beginnings of an arrangement for the literary class; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible; that it will have to be possible.

“By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this, namely, that they do attempt to make their men of letters their governors! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un-successful*; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or

less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one: a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves,—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the official persons, and incipient governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope; for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them, they have not governed or administered as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they *have* some understanding,—without which no man can! Neither is understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure; ‘it is a *hand* which can handle any tool.’ Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying.—Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one’s scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noble-hearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got!—

“These things look strange, truly; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times; these things will require to be speculated upon; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old empire of routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and ‘the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes,’ the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves!—I will now quit this of the organization of men of letters.”

Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns are the names selected by the lecturer for his illustration of the literary hero. They are sufficiently significant to answer the purpose—they sufficiently testify to the wrongs suffered by the literary character, and the terrible revenges that society reaps in consequence. Yet are men as blind to this as ever. Witness the disgraceful rejection of the Copyright Bill, a few weeks ago, by a Reformed House of Commons!—an act less important in itself than as a type of deeper injuries which lie at bottom. It is but one symptom of a wide-spreading disease.

The literary hero is the true priest of the present time. Mr. Carlyle, however, takes us back to the period when the hero flourished as priest, and selects for especial commendation Luther and Knox. Revolutionary periods show how priests are made as well as kings. Priests should be our perpetual reformers; every true reformer, too, in the lecturer’s estimation, is a priest.

“He appeals to Heaven’s invisible justice against Earth’s visible force; knows that it, the invisible, is strong and alone strong. He is a believer in the divine truth of things, a *seer*, seeing through the shows of things; a worshipper, in one way or the other, of the divine truth of things: a priest, that is. If he be not first a priest, he will never be good for much as a reformer.”

The following remarks on idolatry are worth more than gold :—

"Idol is *Eidolon*, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a symbol of God; and perhaps one may question whether any the most benighted mortal ever took it for more than a symbol. I fancy, he did not think that the poor image his own hands had made *was* God; but that God was emblemated by it, that God was in it some way or other. And now in this sense, one may ask, Is not all worship whatsoever a worship by symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect: this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a thing seen, significant of Godhood; an idol. The most rigorous puritan has his confession of faith, and intellectual representation of divine things, and worships thereby; thereby is worship first made possible for him. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense *eidola*, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by symbols, by idols :—we may say, all idolatry is comparative, and the worst idolatry is only *more* idolatrous.

"Where then lies the evil of it? Some fatal evil must lie in it, or earnest prophetic men would not on all hands so reprobate it. Why is idolatry so hateful to prophets? It seems to me as if, in the worship of those poor wooden symbols, the thing that had chiefly provoked the prophet, and filled his inmost soul with indignation and aversion, was not exactly what suggested itself to his own thought, and came out of him in words to others, as the thing. The rudest heathen that worshipped Canopus, or the Caabah black-stone, he, as we saw, was superior to the horse that worshipped nothing at all! Nay, there was a kind of lasting merit in that poor act of his; analogous to what is still meritorious in poets: recognition of a certain endless *divine* beauty and significance in stars and all natural objects whatsoever. Why should the prophet so mercilessly condemn him? The poorest mortal worshipping his Fetish, while his heart is full of it, may be an object of pity, of contempt and avoidance, if you will; but cannot surely be an object of hatred. Let his heart *be* honestly full of it, the whole space of his dark narrow mind illuminated thereby; in one word, let him entirely *believe* in his Fetish,—it will then be, I should say, if not well with him, yet as well as it can readily be made to be, and you will leave him alone, unmolested there.

"But here enters the fatal circumstance of idolatry, that, in the era of the prophets, no man's mind *is* any longer honestly filled with his idol, or symbol. Before the prophet can arise, who, seeing through it, knows it to be mere wood, many men must have begun dimly to doubt that it was little more. Condemnable idolatry is *insincere* idolatry. Doubt has eaten out the heart of it: a human soul is seen clinging spasmodically to an Ark of the Covenant, which it half feels now to have become a phantasm. This is one of the baleful sights. Souls are no longer *filled* with their Fetish; but only pretend to be filled, and would fain make themselves feel that they are filled. 'You do not believe,' said Coleridge; 'you only believe that you believe.' It is the final scene in all kinds of worship and symbolism; the sure symptom that death is now nigh. It is equivalent to what we call Formulism, and Worship of Formulas, in these days of ours. No more immoral act can be done by a human creature; for it is the beginning of all immorality, or rather it is the impossibility henceforth of any morality whatsoever: the innermost moral soul is paralyzed thereby, cast into fatal magnetic sleep! Men are no longer *sincere* men. I do not wonder that the earnest man denounces this, brands it, prosecutes it with inextinguishable aversion. He and it, all good and it, are at death-feud. Blameable idolatry is *cant*, and even what one may call sincere cant. Sincere cant: that is worth thinking of! Every sort of worship ends with this phasis.—I find Luther to have

been a breaker of idols, no less than any other prophet. The wooden gods of the Koreish, made of timber and bees'-wax, were not more hateful to Mahomet than Tetzels pardons of sin, made of sheepskin and ink, were to Luther. It is the property of every hero, in every time, in every place and situation, that he come back to reality; that he stand upon things, and not shows of things. According as he loves and venerates, articulately or with deep speechless thought, the awful realities of things, so will the hollow shows of things, however regular, decorous, accredited by Koreishes or Conclaves, be intolerable and detestable to him. Protestantism too is the work of a prophet: the prophet-work of that sixteenth century. The first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous; preparatory afar off to a new thing, which shall be true, and authentically divine!

"At first view it might seem as if protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call Hero-worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before: the era of 'private judgment,' as they call it. By this revolt against the Pope, every man became his own pope; and learnt, among other things, that he must never trust any pope, or spiritual hero-captain, any more! Whereby, is not spiritual union, all hierarchy and subordination among men, henceforth an impossibility? So we hear it said.—Now I need not deny that protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties, popes and much else. Nay I will grant that English puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties earthly and spiritual were, as might seem, abolished or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European history branches out. For the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal. And now, sure enough, the cry is everywhere for liberty and equality, independence, and so forth; instead of kings, ballot-boxes, and electoral suffrages: it seems made out that any hero-sovereign, or loyal obedience of men to a man, in things temporal or things spiritual, has passed away for ever from the world. I should despair of the world altogether, if so. One of my deepest convictions is, that it is not so. Without sovereigns, true sovereigns, temporal and spiritual, I see nothing possible but an anarchy; the hatefulest of things. But I find protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it have produced, to be the beginning of new genuine sovereignty and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us!"

The reformer and priest supersedes the poet. The poet, at the same time, is the product and ultimate adjustment of reform or prophecy:—

"No wild Saint Dominics and Thebaid Eremites," says Mr. Carlyle, "there had been no melodious Dante; rough practical endeavour, Scandinavian and other, from Odin to Walter Raleigh, from Ulfila to Cranmer, enabled Shakspeare to speak. Nay, the finished poet, I remark sometimes, is a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection and is finished; that before long there will be a new epoch, new reformers needed."

Yes, the poet begins and closes a cycle. Mr. Carlyle's two poetic heroes are Dante and Shakspeare. What he states of Shakspeare we are not satisfied with,—what he states of Dante is one of the finest things that we have read—one of the truest. There is no idolatry in what he declares of Shakspeare—there is much enthusiasm in what he claims for Dante. Every where but in the theatre we would speak of Shakspeare as the most perfect poet the world has yet seen—almost the

most perfect it can expect to see. Dante, according to Mr. Carlyle, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life—Shakspeare to embody the outer life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, honours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had.

“As in Homer we may still construe old Greece; so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in faith and in practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the faith or soul; Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. Just when that chivalry-way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other.”

We must quote, *in extenso*, what Mr. Carlyle says of Dante.

“I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his *Divine Comedy* that it is, in all senses, genuinely a song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo*; it proceeds as by a chaunt. The language, his simple *terza rima*, doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt*. But I add, that it could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion and sincerity, makes it musical;—go deep enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*, look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's world of souls! It is, at bottom, the *sincerest* of all poems; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, ‘*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno*, See, there is the man that was in Hell!’ Ah, yes, he had been in Hell;—in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. *Commedias* that come out *divine*, are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is thought. In all ways we are ‘to become perfect through *suffering*.’—But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him ‘lean’ for many years. Not the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visibility. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages, rendered for ever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one: but a task which is *done*.

“Perhaps one would say, *intensity*, with the much that depends on it, is the prevailing character of Dante's genius. Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind; rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind: it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly too of his own nature.

His greatness has, in all senses, concentrated itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great, not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of being. I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider, for example, to begin with the outermost development of his intensity, consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision; seizes the very type of a thing; presents that and nothing more. You remember that first view he gets of the Hall of Dite: *red* pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and for ever! It is as an emblem of the whole genius of Dante. There is a brevity, an abrupt precision in him: Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then in Dante it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. His silence is more eloquent than words. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke; it is 'as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken.' Or that poor Sordello, with the *cotto aspetto*, 'face baked,' parched brown and lean; and the 'fiery snow' that falls on them there, a 'fiery snow without wind,' slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent dim-burning hall, each with its soul in torment; the lids laid open there; they are to be shut at the day of judgment, through eternity. And how Farinata rises; and how Cavalcante falls—at hearing of his son, and the past tense '*fue!*' The very movements in Dante have something brief; swift, decisive, almost military. It is of the inmost essence of his genius this sort of painting. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man, so silent, passionate, with its quick abrupt movements, its silent 'pale rages,' speaks itself in these things.

"For though this of painting is one of the outermost developments of a man, it comes like all else from the essential faculty of him; it is physiognomical of the whole man. Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him. In the first place, he could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathized* with it,—had sympathy in him to bestow on objects. He must have been *sincere* about it too; sincere and sympathetic: a man without worth cannot give you the likeness of any object; he dwells in vague outwardness, fallacy and trivial hearsay, about all objects. And indeed may we not say that intellect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning what an object is? Whatsoever of faculty a man's mind may have will come out here. Is it even of business, a matter to be done? The gifted man is he who *sees* the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage: it is his faculty too, the man of business's faculty, that he discern the true *likeness*, not the false superficial one, of the thing he has got to work in. And how much of *morality* is in the kind of insight we get of anything; 'the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it the faculty of seeing!' To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow. Raphael, the painters tell us, is the best of all portrait-painters withal. No most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object. In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away with him.

"Dante's painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in dark night; taken on the wider scale, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her Lover, what qualities in that! A thing woven as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small flute-voice of infinite wail speaks there, into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too; she speaks of '*questa forma*;'—so innocent; and how, even in the pit of woe, it is a solace that he 'will never part from

her.' Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai*. And the racking winds, in that *aer bruno*, whirl them away again, for ever!—Strange to think. —Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father; Francesca herself may have sat upon the Poet's knee, as a bright innocent little child. Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigour of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his *Divine Comedy's* being a poor splenetic impotent terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigour cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic, — sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love: like the wail of *Æolian* harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart;—and then that stern, sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the *Paradiso*; his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far: ah, one likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest, that ever came out of a human soul.

"For the *intense*, Dante is intense in all things; he has got into the essence of all. His intellectual insight, as painter, on occasion too as reasoner, is but the result of all other sorts of intensity. Morally great, above all, we must call him; it is the beginning of all. His scorn, his grief, are as transcendent as his love;—as indeed, what are they but the *inverse* or *converse* of his love? '*A Dio spiacenti, ed a' nemici sui*, Hateful to God and to the enemies of God:' lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion: '*Non ragionam di lor*, We will not speak of *them*, look only and pass.' Or think of this: 'They have not the *hope* to die, *Non han speranza di morte*.' One day, it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante, that he, wretched, never-resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die*; 'that *Destiny* itself could not doom him not to die.' Such words are in this man. For rigour, earnestness and depth, he is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel we must go into the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique prophets there.

"I do not agree with much modern criticism, in greatly preferring the *Inferno* to the two other parts of the *Divine Commedia*. Such preference belongs, I imagine, to our general Byronism of taste, and is like to be a transient feeling. The *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, especially the former, one would almost say, is even more excellent than it. It is a noble thing that *Purgatorio*, 'Mountain of Purification;' an emblem of the noblest conception of that age. If sin is so fatal, and hell is and must be so rigorous, awful, yet in repentance too is man purified; repentance is the grand Christian act. It is beautiful how Dante works it out. 'The *tremolar dell' onde*, that 'trembling' of the ocean-waves, under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar on the wandering two, is as the type of an altered mood. Hope has now dawned; never-dying hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of *dæmons* and reprobate is under foot; a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the Throne of Mercy itself. 'Pray for me,' the denizens of that mount of pain all say to him. 'Tell my Giovanna to pray for me,' my daughter Giovanna; 'I think her mother loves me no more!' They toil painfully up by that winding steep, 'bent down like corbels' of a building, some of them, — crushed together so 'for the sin of pride;' yet nevertheless in years, in ages and æons, they shall have reached the top, heaven's gate, and by mercy been admitted in. The joy too of all, when one has prevailed; the whole mountain shakes with joy, and a psalm of praise rises, when one soul has perfected repentance, and got its sin and misery left behind! I call all this a noble embodiment of a true noble thought.

"But indeed the three compartments mutually support one another, are indispensable to one another. The *Paradiso*, a kind of inarticulate music to me, is the redeeming side of the *Inferno*; the *Inferno* without it were untrue. All three make up the true unseen world, as figured in the Christianity of the Middle Ages; a thing for ever memorable, for ever true in the essence of it, to all men. It was perhaps delineated in no human soul with such depth of veracity as in this of Dante's; a man sent to sing it, to keep it long memorable. Very notable with what brief simplicity he passes out of the every-day reality, into the invisible one; and in the second or third stanza, we find ourselves in the world of spirits; and dwell there, as among things palpable, indubitable! To Dante they *were* so; the real world, as it is called, and its facts, was but the threshold to an infinitely higher fact of a world. At bottom, the one was as *preternatural* as the other. Has not each man a soul? He will not only be a spirit, but is one. To the earnest Dante it is all one visible fact; he believes it, sees it; is the poet of it in virtue of that. Sincerity, I say again, is the saving merit, now as always.

"Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, are a symbol withal, an emblematic representation of his belief about this universe:—some critic in a future age, like those Scandinavian ones the other day, who has ceased altogether to think as Dante did, may find this too all an 'Allegory,' perhaps an idle allegory! It is a sublime embodiment, our sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge world-wide architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt good and evil to be the two polar elements of this creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ not by *preferability* of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the pit of hell! Everlasting justice, yet with penitence, with everlasting pity,—all Christianity, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet, as I urged the other day, with what entire truth of purpose; how unconscious of any embleming! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there, in our modern European mind, any thought at all of their being emblems! Were they not indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practically true, all nature everywhere confirming them? So is it always in these things. Men do not believe an allegory. The future critic, whatever his new thought may be, who considers this of Dante to have been all got up as an allegory, will commit one sore mistake!—Paganism we recognized as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the universe: veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianity; one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the operations of nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world: Christianity emblemed the law of human duty, the moral law of man. One was for the sensuous nature; a rude helpless utterance of the *first* thought of men,—the chief recognized virtue, courage, superiority to fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only!—

"And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods,—how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him;—as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian meditation

of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless."

The most interesting lecture in the volume is the second, which treats of the prophet. As we have said, Mr. Carlyle's prophet is Mahomet, whose mission he acknowledges, and whose merits he extols.

"The religion of Mahomet," he insists, "is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian god *Wish*, the god of all rude men,—this has been enlarged into a heaven by Mahomet; but a heaven symbolical of sacred duty, and to be earned by faith and well doing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their faith as the Moslem do by theirs,—believing it wholly, fronting time with it, and eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, 'Who goes?' will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, 'There is no God but God.' *Allah akbar*, *Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malayas, black Papuans, brutal idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

"To the Arab nation it was as a birth from darkness into light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a hero-prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that;—glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the great man was always as lightning out of heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame."

We much lament that we cannot give a complete analysis of the biography of Mahomet, and the defence of his conduct and character, that we find here. Mr. Carlyle vindicates the Koran too—he lauds its genuineness—its being a *bonâ fide* book—

"Prideaux, I know, and others have represented it as a mere bundle of juggleries; chapter after chapter got up to excuse and varnish the author's successive sins, forward his ambitions and quackeries: but really it is time to dismiss all that. I do not assert Mahomet's continual sincerity: who is continually sincere? But I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse him of deceit *prepense*; of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all;—still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read the Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul; rude, untutored, that

cannot even read; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words. With a kind of breathless intensity he strives to utter himself; the thoughts crowd on him pell-mell; for very multitude of things to say he can get nothing said. The meaning that is in him shapes itself into no form of composition, is stated in no sequence, method, or coherence;—they are not *shaped* at all, these thoughts of his; flung out unshaped, as they struggle and tumble there, in their chaotic inarticulate state. We said ‘stupid:’ yet natural stupidity is by no means the character of Mahomet’s book; it is natural uncultivation rather. The man has not studied speaking; in the haste and pressure of continual fighting, has not time to mature himself into fit speech. The panting breathless haste and vehemence of a man struggling in the thick of battle for life and salvation; this is the mood he is in; a headlong haste; for very magnitude of meaning he cannot get himself articulated into words. The successive utterances of a soul in that mood, coloured by the various vicissitudes of three-and-twenty years; now well uttered, now worse: this is the Koran.”

The manner in which Mahomet propagated his religion is thus aologized for:—

“In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents; the place they now call Medina, or ‘*Medinat al Nabi*, the City of the Prophet,’ from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts: not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this flight, *Hegira* as they name it: the year 1 of this *Hegira* is 622 of our era, the fifty-third of Mahomet’s life. He was now becoming an old man; his friends sinking round him one by one; his path desolate, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest heaven’s-message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it,—the wild son of the desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder: well, let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had; all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle; with what result we know.

“Much has been said of Mahomet’s propagating his religion by the sword. It is no doubt far nobler what we have to boast of the Christian religion, that it propagated itself peaceably in the way of preaching and conviction. Yet withal, if we take this for an argument of the truth or falsehood of a religion, there is a radical mistake in it. The sword indeed: but where will you get your sword! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a *minority of one*. In one man’s head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it; there is one man against all men. That *he* take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You must first get your sword! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one. Charlemagne’s conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword: I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it

preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great duel, nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong: the thing which is deepest-rooted in nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last."

The author's reasons for choosing Mahomet as his hero-prophet, must not be omitted.

"We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming impostor, a falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

"Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an age of scepticism; indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious—ah me!—a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent world-leaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank-note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts up in fire-flames, French Revolutions and such like, proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged."

We now come to the first lecture—for, be it known, we have been reading the book backwards, and have accordingly reviewed it from the end to the beginning—we come, we say, to the first lecture, and to the consideration of the Hero as Divinity. Ha! there is properly the end as well as the beginning of the argument. All greatness is enthusiasm, or God in man; and Mr. Carlyle believes that Odin was

just such a human *eidolon* of divine inspiration. The Norse religion, he tells us, was a rude, but earnest, sternly impressive consecration of *valour*. What if it be pagan? He replies, that, "unconsciously and combined with higher things, it is in *us* yet, that old faith withal!"

"To know it consciously," he continues, "brings us into closer and clearer relation with the past—with our own possessions in the past. For the whole past, as I keep repeating, is the possession of the present; the past had always something *true*, and is a precious possession. In a different time, in a different place, it is always some other *side* of our common human nature that has been developing itself. The actual true is the *sum* of all these; not any one of them by itself constitutes what of human nature is hitherto developed. Better to know them all than misknow them. 'To which of these three religions do you specially adhere?' inquires Meister of his teacher. 'To all the three!' answers the other: 'to all the three; for they by their union first constitute the true religion.'"

Here is the truth—there is a Prior Unity, (to adopt the language of Proclus,) of which the three religions are developments. Every idea contains three conceptions—each, however, only symbolizes its prophetic source. Hence it is that so much similarity exists between them. Know we not something elsewhere like what the Norse Eddas tell us of the tree Igdrasil?

"All life," says Carlyle, "is figured by them as a tree. Igdrasil, the ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela, or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole universe: it is the tree of existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the sacred well. Its 'boughs,' with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretched through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are histories of nations. The rustle of it is the noise of human existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of human passion rustling through it;—or storm-tost, the storm-wind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the tree of existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; 'the infinite conjugation of the verb *to do*.' Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mæso Goth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The '*machine* of the universe,'—alas! do but think of that, and contrast."

And now here may we fitly point the moral of this tale of heroes, beginning in divinity and ending in kingship; or rather returning into divinity again. Yes! there is a Divine Idea informing the consciousness of universal humanity, to be developed in different peoples, even as they are diversely capable of conceiving it, whether as a unity, a multitude, or an omneity. We wish that Mr. Carlyle had considered the philosophical basis of this argument. We can only suggest it. The sources of monotheism, polytheism, and pantheism, are well-enough discoverable in it. Here then we have the idea incarnate in One—in the hero as Divinity—in Odin; immeasurable admiration of whom, as our dearly beloved says, transcending the known bounds, became adoration. This infinite wonder is religion—the object of it becomes a Divinity—as the worthiest man. The object of loyalty is

the ablest man—he is worshipped as the kingly hero. Such worship of another, Mr. Carlyle (in this concurring with the Puseyites) considers expedient. We would, on the other hand, recognize the greatness in great men rather than the great men themselves; nay, would rather have each man recognize it in himself than in another. We should *all* be heroes—we should each realize the *sincere* character, and manifest it in our faithful conduct.

Mr. Carlyle symbolizes, we have said, with the Puseyites—but only to a certain extent. They find their great men in established authorities. Mr. Carlyle finds them in authorities seeking to be established, with more or less success. They would adore Charles I. and Archbishop Laud—he claims worship for protector Cromwell and puritan Knox. We counsel our readers to peruse No. 90 of the *Tracts of the Times*, just published, entitled *Remarks on certain Passages in the Thirty-nine Articles*, in which an attempt is made to take our reformed Confession, not in the most protestant, but in the most catholic sense it will admit of. The fact that the “literal and grammatical sense” is enjoined by the Ratification prefixed to the Articles, is understood by the Oxford divines to relieve us from the necessity of making the known opinions of their framers a comment upon their text. For these and other reasons, they explain away the protestant sense from the Articles that treat of Holy Scriptures and the Authority of the Church—of Justification by Faith only—of Works before and after Justification—of the Visible Church—of General Councils—of Purgatory, Pardons, Images, Relics, Invocation of Saints—of the Sacraments—of Transubstantiation—of Masses—of the Marriage of Clergy—of the Homilies—and of the Bishop of Rome—deducing from all these premises the desirableness of bringing back to the church, rites and ceremonies which protestants have condemned as idolatrous—forgetting the true theory of idolatry as given above, whereby we find that, previous to such condemnation, they were *not* idolatrous, not being so esteemed, but that now they *are*, the general conscience having branded them as such. The Iconoclast has done his work, and nothing shall repair what he has broken. We counsel, we say, our readers to peruse the tract alluded to; and then to turn to Mr. Carlyle’s Book of Heroes, and contrast with the said tract the following passage concerning Laud.

“We have had many civil-wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort: wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I have not room to say, I will call it a section once more of that great universal war which alone makes up a true history of the world,—the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of forms; but it were more just to call them haters of *untrue* forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate pedant rather than anything worse. His ‘dreams’ and superstitions, at which they laugh so, have an affectionate, loveable kind of character. He is like a college-tutor, whose whole world is forms, college-rules;—whose notion is

that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a college but of a nation, to regulate the most complex deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay, that their salvation will lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity: he will have his college-rules obeyed by his collegians; that first; and till that, nothing. He is an ill-starred pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a college of that kind, and the world *was not* that. Alas! was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all frightfully avenged on him?"

Having perused this passage, reader, to what conclusion arrive you?—Why this—the Oxford tract writers are Pedants, who mistake the world for a college; and who, if they try the matter on too far, will become also "ill-starred Pedants." We would not be unjust to the Old while prizing justly the indispensable blessings of the New. We will admit that the Old was true, but we contend that it no longer is.

"In Dante's days," says Carlyle, "Romanism needed no sophistry, self-blinding or other dishonesty, to get itself reckoned true. It was good then; nay, there is in the soul of it a deathless good. The cry of 'No Popery,' is foolish enough in these days. The speculation that Popery is on the increase, building new chapels, and so forth, may pass for one of the idlest ever started. Very curious: to count up a few popish chapels, listen to a few protestant logic-choppings,—to much dull-droning drowsy inanity that still calls itself protestant, and say: See, Protestantism is *dead*; Popism is more alive than it, will be alive after it!—Drowsy inanities, not a few, that call themselves protestant are dead; but *Protestantism* has not died yet, that I hear of! Protestantism, if we will look, has in these days produced its Goethe, its Napoleon; German literature and the French Revolution; rather considerable signs of life! Nay, at bottom, what else is alive *but* Protestantism? The life of most else that one meets is a galvanic one merely—not a pleasant, not a lasting sort of life!"

"Popery can build new chapels; welcome to do so, at all lengths. popery cannot come back, any more than paganism can,—*which* also still lingers in some countries. But, indeed, it is with these things, as with the ebbing of the sea: you look at the waves oscillating hither, thither on the beach; for *minutes* you cannot tell how it is going: look in half an hour where it is,—look in half a century where your popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive.—And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say, the Old never dies till this happen, till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical New. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose. Let it last as long as it can."

In considering Mr. Carlyle's class of heroes for ourselves, we are struck, however, with one significant fact in relation to them,—that, unlike the heroes whose genesis they are supposed to explain, they leave no line—they establish no successorship. Cromwell and Napoleon have no descendants—royal themselves, nevertheless their chil-

dren are not kings. In like manner, were the protestant principle carried fully out, no apostolical succession in the church would be acknowledged. Alas! all Reformers stand yet as Rebels, not as priests or kings. See you not this, our dearly-beloved Carlyle? Why have you blinded yourself to this fact? You may assert their kingship and priesthood—but what say the Oxford Pedants, ill-starred or happy destined? Consider this—well!

We have considered this—we have laid this matter deeply to heart—and we find its solution in the character of the Christian dispensation. There is one dispensation of the Father—another of the Son—and another of the Holy Ghost—and yet not three dispensations, but one dispensation. Under the first all is hereditary—under the second all is personal. The hero may have his followers, but they are scattered and spontaneous, holding no office but what they *seem* to usurp. Every such hero is a martyr, even as his master was, in the law of whose life we may read that of theirs. How unconsciously is this law evolved too—mark, how little a Napoleon knew of it;—a Luther, a Knox, and a Cromwell had scarcely any glimpses of it. Each Avatar of the Messiah wars against institutions whose bases were divinely laid, under the sanction of the Father—but which, “having become corrupt by reason of their brightness,” need supercession. This is the mystery and its solution—and both will be perpetually repeated until the third dispensation come, when Human Progress, being perfected, shall be at one with Institutional Permanence—when the man and his office shall be fitted one for the other. A Thing is better in Itself than in Theory—better in Theory than in Practice. The problem is, how to make the two last equal the first.

Mr. Carlyle tells us, in his strong language, that, in all human governments, “there is verily either a Divine Right, or else a Diabolic Wrong.” Assuredly;—yet, in experience, what are these mighty opposites, but the *plus* and *minus* of one and the same power—its two extremes? That which is *now* diabolic wrong, was once good enough for ages—nay, *was* the Divine Right itself—all that men could conceive of it. Romanism was a respectable religion enough to Dante—but to a Shakspeare it was as the sin of witchcraft.* Thus it was from the beginning—the good is good until a better would take its place. The Divine Right and the Diabolic Wrong, are then but relative terms. The once good in presence of the better is evil—and the perception of the difference, is the knowledge of good and evil. This view of the matter saves us from the folly, well enough exposed by Mr. Carlyle, of supposing that all government and religion are kingcraft and priestcraft, and that their foundations were laid in fraud. What now you consider evil was once good—purgatory, pardons, images, relics, invocations of saints, were once good,—though nothing can make them so now. The world, just on its completion, was pronounced “good,” by its Creator—anon, the same Creator declared it was “not good for man to be alone.” While a want remains unsatisfied, there is a good *in futuro*, compared with which all that is shall become of little value.

These are hard sayings, both for the Puseyites and the Carlyleites, both for those who worship the substitutes for the ablest and the

* “This juggling with witchcraft.”—SHAKSPEARE’S *King John*.

worthiest in the constituted authorities, and for those who demand that for their worship the ablest and the worthiest shall be found. Trouble thyself, say we, about neither—but look to thyself, O man! and to God in thee! Seek (not to make thyself, but) to be made by him the ablest and the worthiest! Let each man do this—and we shall have a world of heroes, not worshipping one another, but worshipping God. All is idolatry, except this. This alone is the True Faith, in which whoso believeth not, is damned! J. A. H.

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HENRY FIELDING.

HENRY FIELDING was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, in the year 1707. He was a man much superior to either Pope, Congreve, or Sheridan. These were mere men of wit, but Fielding was not only a man of wit, but also a profound observer—a man of a felicitous imagination, and, above all, of refined moral sentiments. Of the three wits mentioned, Pope has the least objectionable claims to the title of a philosopher. But although he makes some successful thrusts of thought, they are too few to justify these claims. Fielding's works exhibit sustained and profoundly considered pictures of human nature. Let us not mistake the pleasantry and familiarity of his style for the characteristics of an ordinary light writer. His sprightly turns will not fail to lead the attentive mind into a long vista of deep and instructive thought. There are not a few "profound writers," who would forfeit that character if their style were adjusted to their vein of thought. But a compound of pomp, involution, and obscurity, will pass readily for depth, and a metaphor often saves the credit of an argument. Dash aside the draperies of language, and what do we see? Nothing.

Fielding plays with men as with children whom he loves and would instruct; and the humours of his style, it may sometimes be discerned, are the consequences of his sense of this superiority. Not that he showed this superiority in his life; for he was possessed of all the elements of an honourable and powerful mind; his heart was too easily warmed with the sensibilities of love and friendship, and he derived his own happiness too much from the contemplation of that of others, not to enter too readily into company and scenes where these for the time seemed only to exist. But a rake may be a profound thinker, and (if it be not too extravagant to make such an assertion) a man of noble sentiments. There is such a thing as versatility of *character* as well as of intellect, by which a man may, according to circumstances, fall naturally and sincerely into the most conflicting conduct or sentiments, just as a versatile writer may think with equal ardour on poetry, philology, and mathematics.

Fielding was educated at home under the care of the Rev. Mr. Oliver, whom he afterwards ridiculed in "Joseph Andrews" as Parson Trulliber. He was then taken out of this gentleman's hands and sent to Eton. Mr. Pitt, afterwards the resolute and eloquent statesman, and Fox, afterwards his adversary, and the father of Charles James, were among his schoolfellows. He was afterwards sent to the University of Leyden, in order to study civil law. He applied himself to the civilians for two whole years under Vitriarius, the professor of civil

law in the Leyden college, and author of a work on the "Law of Nature and Nations." His father, however, not being able to support him any longer abroad, he took his leave and returned to England. Both at Eton and at Leyden he had distinguished himself by his application and abilities. At the former school he obtained a very liberal knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors, and at the latter place, if he did not acquire any very profound knowledge, he at least became acquainted with the schools of jurisconsults. This information was no doubt of use to him about ten years afterwards, when he began the study of English law, but may be easily supposed not to have been of much advantage till that time. Among the politely learned, not to know the names of Grotius and Puffendorff, is extreme ignorance, and to know more is pedantic.

Fielding's father had served under Marlborough in Flanders, and had attained the rank of lieutenant-general. By a second marriage he had increased his family so considerably, that he found himself unable to make each of its members a suitable provision. Nevertheless, on Henry he was able to settle £200 a-year. This, however, was so ill paid, that the young man never derived much advantage from it.

With what he did lay his hands on, he took lodgings in London, set up for his own master, and entered into all those follies so agreeable to the passions of youth. He was sometimes to be found, young as he was, discoursing with men of letters on their favourite subjects, charming them with his gaiety and wit, sometimes at the no less polished gaming table, and sometimes in scenes of vice, where the contrasts of inward worthlessness and external splendour must have made him, in his soberer moments, melancholy to think of. But his passions were strong, and in his flushed tavern-life it could not be expected that he should be able to control their impulses: perhaps in his soberer moments to regret their existence was all that was left him.

This course of dissipation soon brought him into pecuniary difficulties, and he determined to draw upon his wit for a release. When he was at Leyden he had felt his genius stirring in him, and had proceeded some length in a comedy called "Don Quixote in England." But being dissuaded from bringing it forward by Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber, and probably afraid that he would not be able in a hasty completion of it to do justice to the style of Cervantes, he laid it aside, and wrote with great rapidity "Love in Several Masques," which was brought out in 1727, when he was only twenty years of age. It was very favourably received, although acted immediately after Vanbrugh's "Provoked Husband," a play which at that time deservedly engrossed the admiration of everybody. This was a promising beginning for Fielding, and his piece was soon afterwards published with a dedication to his second cousin, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Fielding was determined to justify the expectations which the public had thus formed from him, by the rapidity as well as the brilliancy of his efforts. During the next two years he brought out "The Temple Beau," a five-act comedy; "The Pleasures of the Town," incorporated as a puppet-show in "The Author's Farce," and intended to ridicule the fondness of the public for Italian singers; "The Coffee-house Politician," a piece which satirizes those who, like Addison's

political upholsterer in "The Tatler," neglect their own business to mind that of the state. The success of these pieces was such, that he was enabled to support himself in his extravagant expenses, and even to appear every day with greater effect in all those splendid follies which seem to belong peculiarly to men of wit and shining abilities.

"The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," his next play, was brought out in 1730, and is a very happily contrived and elaborate satire on the pomposities of tragedy. The notes to it are as plentiful as in Gibbon. There does not seem to be an absurd expression or idea in the whole of the tragedies of his time, but what he has here ridiculed. This was succeeded during the two or three following years by a great number of comedies and farces, written with the greatest sprightliness and invention. Of these the following are the best: "The Letter Writers, or a New Way to keep a Wife at Home;" "The Lottery;" "The Modern Husband;" "The Debauchees, or the Jesuits Caught;" "Don Quixote in England;" "The Universal Gallant, or the Different Husbands;" "The Mock Doctor;" and "The Miser." These two last are taken from Moliere.

These performances are full of incident, vivacity, and wit, though, with one or two slight exceptions, there is no very successful attempt at character; and it must always be considered as one of the prime objects of the action of the drama to develop character. The failure of Fielding in this respect is to be accounted for by the haste in which his pieces were composed. A character, perhaps, may be conceived in a moment, but not ripe for delivery for many a day. Fielding's plays were written, not for posterity but for bread; or rather, perhaps, every piece was written to pay off the debts that had been accumulating since the appearance of his last. Viewed in this light, the theatre of Fielding betrays a power of combination in plots, which promised, and happily for the world not unfaithfully, higher triumphs of invention, when domestic necessity no longer hurried the operations of his intellect. His plays exhibit, too, a sprightliness of dialogue which must reflect the highest credit on his conversational powers, when it is known that he wrote with great rapidity and little correction. Some of his pieces were each the work only of two or three mornings; and the story is told that, after having enjoyed himself with his companions over a few bottles, in a tavern, and it is not to be supposed that such a party would break up at a very early hour, he showed them, in the forenoon, a farce of two or three acts, which he had written after he left them, while the excitement of his conversational and inventive genius was strong within him. This, it is related, was known to have been the case more than once. So great was this man's fertility, and so rich the soil of his intellect. The men of mere wit laboured with painful patience, until they had condensed the spoils of years into one bright blaze. Fielding's wit was as bright, but not so much cultivated: he was possessed of attributes nobler and more deserving of culture, to which they were strangers. But in the hurry of *living while he lived*, he gave himself little leisure to reflect whether or not nature had enriched him with those powers which produced his maturer efforts, and with that exalted benevolence which warmed them.

In this manner were spent the years of his youth. But, as he grew

older, he got more and more entangled in the toils of life, and the proceeds of his wit did not equal the demands of his extravagance. Necessity prompted his ambition, and he resolved on one bold stroke, which should end in making him "Cæsar or nothing." He had dedicated his comedy of "The Modern Husbands" to Sir Robert Walpole, who entirely neglected him, or rather some indignities were offered to him by the minister and his party, and the idea struck him of a dramatic revenge. Walpole had a contempt for literary men, for which he gave as his reason that they were not men of business. Generally speaking, this is true, for those men are few who are formed equally for speculation and action; but it did not warrant his contempt. If the speculators and the actors of literary and political history be estimated by the monuments they have left, mankind will have reason to bless the former rather than the latter. The contempt would be better directed if to those who, mistaking intrigue for statesmanship, and incapable of any great views of civilization, have entailed so much war and misery on Europe. The contempt, indeed, will be changed into indignation and sorrow, by the reflection, that even those whose abilities and opportunities justified the highest expectations of mankind, have preferred their own transitory interests to the glory of realizing Bentham's noble idea;—"The man who should produce a body of good laws, with an accompaniment of good reasons, would feel an honest pride at the prospect of holding thus in bondage a succession of willing generations; his triumph would be to leave them the power, but to deprive them of the will to escape."

For the execution of his grand design, of a dramatic revenge on Sir Robert Walpole, Fielding collected together a great number of actors, hired the little theatre in the Haymarket, and, having dubbed his servants by the eccentric title of "The Great Mogul's company of Comedians," he prepared to open the campaign against the ministry, although there were, at the time, several theatres open without receiving much encouragement.

The theatre was opened in April, 1736, and the attack began with "Pasquin, a Dramatic Satire on the Times, being the rehearsal of Two Plays, viz. A Comedy, called 'The Election,' and a Tragedy, called 'The Life and Death of Common Sense.'" The comedy satirizes the corruption of parliamentary elections, and the tragedy very properly, and with some effect, ridicules the fooleries of many of the professors of law and medicine, and stigmatises the insolent pretensions of too many of the clergy. Its success was complete: it was acted for fifty successive nights to crowded and delighted audiences.

No time was lost in following up the blow; and "The Historical Register for 1736," appeared in 1737. The satire in this piece is more pointed and personal than in "Pasquin." The auction is a masterly scene, in which Mr. Hen, the auctioneer, puts up, for public competition, a remnant of political honesty, which is knocked down at a sad discount to Lord Bothsides. A few grains of modesty are also put up; and a very clear conscience, which had been worn by a judge and a bishop, and is as clean as if it was new, but nobody bids for them. The following part is exquisitely written:—

"*Hen.* A most delicate piece of patriotism, gentlemen, who bids? Ten pounds for this piece of patriotism?"

1st Courtier. I would not wear it for a thousand pound.

Hen. Sir, I assure you, several gentlemen at court have worn the same; it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1st Court. Sir, it is prohibited goods. I shan't run the risk of being brought into Westminster Hall for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the old patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but alas, sir, there is a great difference in the stuff. But sir, I don't propose this for a town suit: this is only proper for the country: consider, gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election.—Come, five pound—one guinea—put patriotism by.

Banter. Ay, put it by; one day or other it may be in fashion."

Sir Robert Walpole is also introduced as Quidam. Several sorts of patriots have just agreed "that they are a set of miserable poor dogs," when Quidam suddenly enters and denies it. He then pours out gold on a table, and tells them to take it among them. "And what are we to do for it," inquires the noisy patriot. "Only say you are rich, that's all," replies Quidam. They then snatch up the money.

The following scene, which continues the above dialogue, when explained by Medley's commentary, is most laughable, and must have exasperated Walpole:—

"*Quidam.* Well, sir, what is your opinion now? Tell me freely.

1st Patriot. I will: a man may be in the wrong through ignorance; but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience. I own I thought we were poor; but, sir, you have convinced me that we are rich.

Omnes. We are all convinced.

Quid. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1st Pat. Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. (*Dance here: Quidam dances out, and they all dance after him.*)

Medley. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance, which you don't take.

Sourwit. Ay, what, prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these patriots has a hole in his pocket, as Mr. Quidam, the fiddler there, knows; so that he intends to make them dance till all the money is fallen through, which he will pick up again, and so lose not one halfpenny by his generosity—so far from it that he will get his wine for nothing; and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets pay the whole reckoning."

The satire of both of Fielding's pieces was so loudly and generally applauded, and so universally relished, that the credit of the ministry among the people came into very serious danger. The originality of this method of political warfare, and the boldness and success of its execution, astonished everybody. Walpole was smarting with vexation at being "laid flat at the feet of this Herculean satirist," and resolved on being revenged on the whole dramatic world by an act of parliament. While he was meditating on his scheme, an incident gave him an opportunity of facilitating its progress. A farce, called "The Golden Rump," filled not only with abuse of the ministers, but also, it seems, with profaneness and blasphemy, was brought to Gif-

fard, the manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre. Giffard carried the piece to Walpole, who received him with great courtesy, commended his zeal for good order and sobriety,—and, retaining the copy, paid him a gratuity in compensation for the loss of its representation. Giffard took his leave, very well pleased with his reception, and the minister prepared the way for his bill by making extracts of the most objectionable passages of "The Golden Rump," and submitting them to the consideration of members of both parties in the House of Commons. They were of course shocked, and agreed that some remedy was necessary for the evil. Having secured their promise of support and co-operation, Walpole read the extracts to the House, and the conviction seemed to be general that such things should be put an end to. Leave was accordingly granted to bring in a bill for this purpose, which Walpole contrived to effect, not by directly subjecting all plays to the license of the Lord Chamberlain, as is generally supposed, but by merely amending the *Vagrant Act*.

On the 20th of May, 1737, the bill was introduced, having been prepared by the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Pelham, Dodington, and Howe. It was entitled, "A Bill to explain and amend so much of an Act made in the twelfth Year of the Reign of Queen Anne, intituled, An Act for reducing the Laws relating to Rogues, Vagabonds, sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants, and sending them whither they ought to be sent, as relates to the common Players of Interludes." 'As it passed through the house, it received some amendments, and two new clauses were added. The first is that which gives so much power to the Lord Chamberlain. It empowers him to prohibit the representation of any theatrical performances, and to compel all persons to send copies of new plays, parts added to old plays, prologues and epilogues, fourteen days before they are acted. The bill passed quickly through both houses, the only elaborate opposition being from Lord Chesterfield; and it received the royal assent, June 21, 1737.

Those who are acquainted with the character of Sir Robert Walpole, independently of Burke's ridiculous eulogium, will form their own conjectures regarding this interview with Giffard. No English minister was ever more unscrupulous than Walpole. The debaucher of the House of Commons, and the father of newspaper profligacy, was not to be supposed capable of much candour at a time when his pique and vexation were to be soothed by an immediate revenge. He was too wise, or too much afraid, to interfere with the freedom of the press by any other means than those which he employed with such success. But the ease with which he could strike his blow under the mask of a concern for public morality, and more than anything, the provocations of the unpurchaseable Fielding, determined him to deprive the stage of that political influence to which it was aiming, under the management of one of the boldest satirists that had ever appeared.

Lord Chesterfield, in his speech in opposition to the Playhouse Bill, says, that "it is well known that Dryden, the poet laureate of Charles II., made his wit and genius subservient to the designs of the court. When the second Dutch war was in contemplation, he wrote his 'Amboyna,' in which he represents the people of Holland in the most un-

favourable light. And when the Exclusion Bill was moved for, he wrote his 'Duke of Guise' to support the interest of James." Here we have the stage exerting its political power, giving its opinion for war, and even assisting in the disposal of a crown. It is wonderful that the politicians of the present day do not see the value of the stage as a political engine. If it still possessed the privileges of Dryden's time, its temporary influence on politics might be as superior to that of the press, as the latter is to the former in its silent and enduring power over the judgements of men. The bill by which the stage was deprived of these privileges, cannot be defended on political grounds. Unquestionably the immodesty of the stage, as well as that of the press, ought to be prevented by legislative enactment, and no people would exclaim against a government for doing so. But political licentiousness is entirely a different matter. Men have different ideas in what it consists. What to one man appears treason, to another appears justly applied satire. And as there is no reason, *à priori*, why one should be disqualified from expressing his opinion rather than another, freedom of speech and action, amenable to law for its abuse, becomes established. The application of this to the drama is at once seen. Why has not the stage its politics as well as the press, liable like the press to be called upon to justify its proceedings in a court of law? Specious objections might be urged, but the subject is tolerably plain, and, at all events, the subject is of too political a complexion to warrant a digression in a merely literary essay.

The last piece which Fielding brought forward in his new theatre was in 1744, and consisted of the rehearsal of a pantomime called "Tumble-down Dick, or Phaeton in the Suds." It has some political strokes in it, which, although Quidam is not introduced, are pretty severe; but it may have been acted differently from what is now printed. There is a dedication to Mr. John Lun, (Walpole,) which is a capital specimen of political insinuation and allusion. In the interval between the passing of the Playhouse Bill, and the production of this piece, he had been writing for Drury Lane Theatre, in which appeared "Eurydice." It was an utter failure, and Fielding afterwards, with humorous candour, published it "as it was damned at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane." He seemed to have been pleased with having for once met with this reception, for the sake of its novelty to him. It is hardly any wonder, however, that "Eurydice," met the fate to which its audience doomed it, for the scene is laid in hell, and the characters are dead and damned to their hand. Immediately afterwards he produced "Eurydice Hissed, or a Word to the Wise," being an apology for the infernal character of his former farce. In this interval the interest of the public in Fielding's politico-dramatic scheme began to cool; and when "Tumble-down Dick" appeared, it was indifferently received. The novelty had not only worn off, but the satire had been deadened in the brain of the author, by the ghost of the Lord Chamberlain.

Fielding before this time had married a young lady of the name of Craddock, but his biographers do not seem to be well assured of the time of his marriage. From the rambling essay of Mr. Murphy, it is almost impossible to gather anything. He brought his wife into

the country, where with characteristic imprudence he lived with an extravagance which would have made Sir Richard Steele envious. He very soon frittered away the little fortune which his wife brought him, along with a considerable sum left him by the death of his mother, amounting in all perhaps to five or six thousand pounds, in horses, hounds, liveries, and open-house. He was forced at last to come back in his original poverty to London, in order to resume the irksome labours of the pen.

He had now a wife and a young family to support, and it was not the scanty and uncertain rewards of literary labour, however well directed, to sustain his former expenditure or state. The love which Fielding had for his wife is well known; it was too ardent not to prompt him to some steadier effort, by which he might rise for her sake to pecuniary competence. He therefore determined to commence the study of the law. As he was at this time only thirty years of age, he had room for the hope of ultimately arriving at eminence in this profession. Having entered as a student in the Temple, he applied himself with great closeness to this gigantic body of technical knowledge, and with corresponding success. Sometimes, indeed, the charms of pleasure stole him away to the tavern, where he was soon himself again, as in those younger days, when he seized and enjoyed to the full a few excited hours of wit and happiness. But this, instead of dissipating his energy or disgusting him with his laborious studies, seemed only to him afterwards as a motive for two-fold industry. Often has he sat in his chambers reading, and making extracts from Coke and Littleton, till it was far in the morning, after having spent an evening of enjoyment with his companions.

He was in due time called to the bar, and attended the courts with such diligence that he bade fair to attain an honourable eminence, had not several severe attacks of the gout rendered him often incapable of his duties, and threatened to nullify all his former studies and assiduities. Nothing can be more distressing than the contemplation of this period of Fielding's chequered existence. His wife and his children were depending upon him literally for their daily bread, and he had no other way of providing for his own subsistence or theirs, but by writing hard at pamphlets and political articles; but the bailiff and he had many an interview, for it was not always that they brought what was expected. The quantity of fugitive compositions which must have thus come from his pen could not but be great; and it may be supposed that they are now for the most part lost. It is a great pity that genius should ever be thus obliged to scatter its energies on such an obscure and fruitless field. But there can be little doubt, but that many men have thus lived and died, whose abilities were capable of worthily aspiring to execute a work founded on something nobler than the interests or passions of a day; and that not a few even of these have failed to preserve that independence of thought which is all that gives abilities their dignity and value, that they might get bread for their children. This last reflection, if it touch the right chord, will perhaps be found worthier of the tears of the noble-minded, than the distresses of all the tragedies in existence.

In 1741, or 1742, Fielding published his "*Joseph Andrews*."

Richardson had just put out a sort of epistolary novel called "Pamela," and Fielding's performance was partly intended to ridicule it. Richardson's works having been much read in their own time, some critics have given him on this account the title of the father of the English novel. If it is true that there was no English novel before Richardson's time of as great merit as his "Pamela," which is extremely doubtful, even then Fielding may reasonably dispute the title with him.

Fielding was still in the distressful condition already mentioned. He had long since exhausted his credit with borrowing, which no borrowing to pay could keep up, when he produced, in 1743, a volume of Miscellanies with some advantage. In the midst of his afflictions his wife died. "Sometimes," says Lady Montagu, "they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessaries, not to speak of the spunging houses and hiding places where he was occasionally to be found. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all, but, meanwhile, care and anxiety were preying on her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution; she gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms." She had always loved him with the most faithful affection, though he had brought her and her family into many a scrape; and he, with all his faults, had a heart worthy of her love, and which returned it with the truest sympathy. Her death overwhelmed him with grief, and for a long time, as it well might, it lay heavy on his memory.

In 1745 began the romantic and unhappy expedition of Charles Edward Stuart, for the recovery of what he deemed to be the throne of his family. Fielding immediately bestirred himself in favour of the government, and published a periodical entitled "The True Patriot." In this he performed for the government of George II., what Addison, in his "Freeholder," did for the newly acquired power of George I. The first number of "The True Patriot," was published November 5th, 1745, in which, after explaining how fashion is the *grand monarque* of the world, he gives a variety of amusing reasons why people should buy his paper in preference to any other. In this paper throughout he supported the existing administration, as well as the new succession, for Walpole was now dead. He continued his powerful support during the whole of the time of that unfortunate rebellion, which ended in the ruin or cruel destruction of many brave but ill-advised men.

He began to publish in 1747, "The Jacobites' Journal," in which he vilified the adherents of the House of Stuart. These exertions could not but be agreeable to the government, and in the course of a year or two, a pension was settled on him, and the office of acting magistrate in the commission of the peace for Middlesex was given to him. He was now in a condition to satisfy all demands, and to place himself above those distracting anxieties which had afflicted his former years.

He now also found leisure to compose "The History of a Foundling," commonly called "Tom Jones," from the name of its hero; which he did with all the care of a consummate artist. It seems, however, that even still he had his difficulties; for just as soon as the manuscript was finished, he was at a bookseller's, eagerly inquiring for a price. Perhaps his necessity did urge him in the composition of

the latter part of "Tom Jones;" at least, there is some ground for supposing so, from a sentence in the tenth chapter of the last book of that novel. The bookseller to whom he applied, offered him 25*l.* for his work, for which Fielding was to call next day. As he was returning homewards he met his friend Thomson, the poet, and told him how the business stood. Thomson, having formerly been shown the most part of Fielding's productions, was so well convinced of its great merit, that he promised to get him a better market, if he could next day contrive to get his bargain honourably cancelled. Fielding next morning managed to do so, and Thomson took him to Millar, the bookseller, afterwards so famous, from his connection with Fielding. The result was, that Millar, (who had very judiciously consulted his wife on the merits of the novel,) offered 200*l.* for it. Fielding could not conceal his astonishment, and it was some time before he was made aware that Millar was serious. The bargain was joyfully ratified, and a few bottles emptied on the occasion. By the single novel of "Tom Jones," Millar made a fortune of 18,000*l.* It is greatly to his honour that he made its author various money-presents, amounting altogether to 2000*l.*, and that, at his death, he left a legacy to each of his sons.

The delightful novel of "Amelia" appeared in 1751. It was dedicated to Ralph Allen, Esq., the "humble Allen" of Pope, who, with his wonted liberality, sent the author 200*l.* Some say that Amelia represents Fielding's second wife—others, and with far more probability, say his first; for it is well known how fervently he loved her. All, however, are agreed, that Booth is intended to represent himself. Fielding had, as the best men will have, many enemies, and these attacked his "Amelia" with the most absurd severity. All the reply he made was, that he would write novels no more. This he announced in his usual humorous manner, by bringing "Amelia" before a court of criticism. Many things are brought to her charge by Counsellor Town, and Lady Dilly Dally is examined in support of his charge. The court ends in a grave man, on being granted permission to speak, relating that he is her father, that she is his favourite child, that he has taken great care of her education, and that, though she is not free from faults, yet she does not deserve the hatred of the public, and that he is ready to compromise, by promising to trouble the world no more with any children of his by the same Muse.

In 1752 he began to publish a purely literary periodical, under the title of "The Covent Garden Journal." The papers of Fielding are altogether as entertaining as those of Addison, but the language and vivacity are almost immediately discovered to be less pure and elegant. His health soon after became so delicate that he was obliged to discontinue it. He was the victim of a complication of diseases,—being at the same time afflicted with jaundice, asthma, and dropsy. He gradually lost his strength and became almost helpless. His physicians advised him to try the air of Lisbon. He accordingly determined on the voyage, and set out—never to return. His "Voyage to Lisbon," was the last production of his great and various abilities. He died at Lisbon, two months after his arrival, in October, 1754. No notice of his death was taken in England, but M. de Meyrionnet, the

French Consul, whose name deserves to be recorded, erected a simple monument to his memory.

The two greatest works by which Fielding's genius is to be judged, are "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." The former raises him to the highest rank as an artist; and is, indeed, one of the finest specimens of literary invention. The latter not only gives testimony to his abilities, but reflects the highest credit on his character as a man. The pictures are painted with horrible fidelity, and the sentiments are such as cannot be mistaken for the mere produce of literary ability. 'It is almost impossible, in Fielding's instance, (knowing too, as we do, the man as he lived,) that any thing could have been done for the sake of effect merely. The language is too burning, impatient and impassioned, to be that of a rhetorical *littérateur*; it is that of a man who wrote, as he is now read, with tears.

Both of these performances, and "Joseph Andrews," abound in the most discriminating observations on human nature. In this indeed it is not too much to say that he ranks by the side of Shakspeare and Machiavelli. Shakspeare's genius, like lightning, flashes in a moment, and in that moment a dark place in the human heart is revealed. Machiavelli dissects it with the steady hand of a practised operator, and makes its mysteries plain with the precision of science. Fielding observes its fitful movements and the moving powers; and having generalized his observations, traces out, as on a map, its route through the sphere of life, in some instances, even to the minutest perturbations.

"Tom Jones" is not remarkable for any very successful delineation of character. Parson Adams, in "Joseph Andrews," is well drawn. Colonel Bath and Dr. Harrison are wonderfully happy creations, especially the latter. Amelia herself is undoubtedly Fielding's masterpiece; she is exquisitely drawn, and developed with the nicest touches. If, however, "Tom Jones" is inferior to his other performances in the delineation of character, it is superior to them in invention.

To invent is to adapt, for the first time, certain means to an end; and the more complication and delicacy of arrangement in the means requisite to produce that end, the greater is the degree of invention displayed. A pair of scissors and a steam-engine are equally the productions of invention; the former of an ordinary, and the latter of a fertile invention. It is the same in poetry, except in lyrical poetry, where the poet confines himself to the expression of individual feeling, and consequently leaves no room for invention. Invention cannot appear in any literary work which has not a substratum of imaginary incident. According to the nicety and verisimilitude of the adaptation and inter-dependence of these incidents, is the inventive genius of an author to be judged. This faculty must be distinguished from imagination: the imagination embodies forms, and the invention events. Milton's Satan and the Venus de' Medicis are creations of the imagination; and the "Tom Jones" of Fielding is the finest specimen of invention. It may be remarked that the drama affords the best field for the display of inventive genius as well as for imagination, and indeed for almost every other species of literary ability.

Among all the parts of "Tom Jones," with some very immaterial

exceptions, there is an inter-dependence so natural and so happily preconceived, as to render it difficult to suppose its equal. "Tom Jones" is an example of the profundity of Fielding's invention; and when the circumstances are considered in which they were produced, the dramas which he wrote so hurriedly and with so little correction will be the best examples of its fertility. He did not go to Spain, that inexhaustible mine of intrigue and situation, for his plots. In this respect above all he was eminently original. "Since *I* was born," says Lady M. W. Montagu, "no original has appeared, excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellence if he had not been forced, by necessity, to publish without correction, and throw away many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling."

It would be impossible, without transcribing too large a portion of matter, to give an adequate idea of Fielding's power of observation, for it is too much intermixed with the conduct of his characters. To be appreciated thoroughly, he must be read thoroughly. The following extracts are given, however, as examples of the style of those remarks that are sufficiently detached from the interests of the story to be read without injury to their true scope:—"It is not because innocence is more blind than guilt, that the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit which the latter foresees and avoids. The truth is, that it is almost impossible that guilt should miss the discovering of all the snares in its way, as it is constantly prying closely into every corner, in order to lay snares for others. Whereas, innocence, having no such purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through life; and is, consequently, liable to tread on the gins which cunning has laid to entrap it. To speak plainly, and without allegory or figure, it is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the folly of the dupe when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer. In a word, many an innocent person hath owed his ruin to this circumstance alone, that the degree of villany was such as must have exceeded the faith of every man who was not himself a villain." And again:—"Compassion, if thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and degree of life for one another, on account of the evils to which they themselves are liable. Our sensations are, I am afraid, very cold towards those who are at a great distance from us, and whose calamities can consequently never reach us."

Fielding wrote nearly twenty dramatic pieces, of whose wit and vivacity examples have been given. His miscellaneous papers and pamphlets are all, more or less, illuminated with his talents and information. The most considerable of them are "The Covent-Garden Journal," and "A Voyage to Lisbon." There is also an elaborate essay on "The Causes of the late Increase of Robbers." This last work would deserve a more particular examination, had its subject been sufficiently applicable to the present day. Happily, it is not; but the depredations of highwaymen must have been very considerable in Fielding's time, to have called forth such a carefully written treatise on

the causes of their increase, and to have been noticed by Smollett, at some length, in his "History of England."

With regard to the question of the morality of Fielding's works, although they possess some scenes not according to the taste of this age, that are not in themselves, when justly viewed, of the smallest immoral tendency,—yet, as it is not every one that can take this just view, and least of all, those among the young, who are sure to be his most ardent readers, it would have been better if those scenes had been veiled, or entirely omitted. The error, however, if it is to be considered as such, is the error of a philosopher.

In his personal character, Fielding was deficient in self-control. The imperfections of some men are so mysteriously seated in them, and bias, in such a decided manner, all their actions, that their lives have a consistency and a keeping in absurdity, strangely at variance with the enlightenment of their understanding. The assent of the judgment is readily given, but there is a moral witchcraft within, which surrounds with a halo of lustre the golden apple of temptation, and the understanding is silenced with *prestige*. This want of decision and sensibility to the charms of pleasure, seem to have been highly characteristic of Fielding. Some other men of greater pretensions, and who think they can afford to despise such follies, might consider whether their case is not worse than his; whether it is easier to follow the clear dictates of the understanding, when custom and prejudice have enslaved the heart, than when wit and gaiety have merely for a while charmed the fancy. The anxiety and sorrow which finished the follies of Fielding, taught him many lessons, and through him has taught the world. If he felt the sting, he also tasted the honey of adversity, and enriched with its sweets the works of his latter years. "Amelia" gives the most impressive lessons of sorrow and adversity, and inspires the reader with the richest and most humanizing emotions.

Considered independently of his personal character, Fielding will always be pronounced to be the principal founder of the English novel—an inventive genius of the first order—a brilliant satirist and wit—and a man who had sympathy with the fortunes of his fellow creatures; in short, one of the great men, not of England only, but of Europe.

DRAMATIC TAILORING.

ONE of the most prolific sources of the inferiority of our modern national drama, is the short-sightedness or servility of our dramatic authors. They have struck out a new and ill conditioned path. Their earliest attempts are to write expressly for some public favourite, and their latest ambition is to fit a whole *corps dramatique* with suitable characters. This sounds very rational. It appears like bringing forth the actors' excellencies. It is, in fact, pandering to their mannerism. A modern playwright is a mere literary tailor: he takes measures of his customers, and proceeds forthwith to fit them with a tight or loose suit, of a grave or gay colour, even as they desire. The little more or less matters not a jot, for the truth of the thing, but for the patron's view alone. One actor may require a few more interjections. The genius of the tailor-author supplies them. Another requires a few

more sounding oaths. Quickly are they showered through the part. A third insists upon a greater amount of passion, and in double quick time is he put into a towering rage through two and a half out of three acts. Our author thinks not and cares little about the propriety of his character's speech, but rather how Mr. * * * will find it in the delivery. He has written it, not from an observation of a prototype in nature, but from a deep study of *the* actor's tone, manner, and by-play. His emphasis is the key of invention. Is there any eccentricity in the part, it is that of the actor rather than of the character.

It thus happens that the regular green-room author enjoys supreme advantage in this style of writing; he has a green-room index of the human passions and weaknesses by which he may judge what the theatre will supply. He ventures upon no others, however the probabilities of nature may demand them. A trader would deem him prudent for not trading beyond his means, or rather for trading upon the produce of one market with which he was well acquainted.

We have heard of an actor making a character his own by the force of his conception; the character is now his own from its birth: it is himself rewritten. He revels in his own peculiar points, and, instead of an imitation of a general character, he only imitates himself; it is himself delivered by himself. He has only to be true to himself, and he is faithful to his author. In fact, the author is only the *corps dramatique* on paper. The pompous fatuity and mysterious dulness of Liston, the sneaking simplicity and innocent stupidity of Keeley, the cockney flashness and glib vulgarity of Harley, &c. are the only styles dictated by the green-room grammar. One actor, at least, scorns the trammels; John Reeve is the least indebted to authors, and authors to him. He Reeve-ivifies every thing. Even Shakspeare would drivel by his organ. It is only his exuberance of comicality which palliates his daring. Seriously speaking, can this restricted code advance the interests of the drama? Can it compensate for the lack of a vigorous imitation of nature? With the actor, the author dies. No emulation is excited in making your own what was created for another. The casual playgoer may be amused by it, but we are bound to advocate the standard of propriety.

The difficulty of successfully resisting theatrical cabals has been long felt as one of the chief ills that dramatic authors are heirs to. When the manager shall have untwisted his coiled wire of opposition to award you the small anchor of hope thereunto affixed, you discover its insufficiency to prevent you from being shipwrecked on the green-room sands, where sock and buskin are metamorphosed into instruments of torture to punish the refractory or incapable playwright.

We thus question the right of authors to block up the high road to national fame by the futile efforts of a temporary reputation, and we deny the power of actors to achieve originality when the former assist the latter in being "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined" to their own identities. We object to the actor being thus fatally exalted as a model to the author, degrading his talents by a servile imitation of a part of nature, when her ample bosom yearns for production; and, above all, we object to see the dramatic literature of the land of Shakspeare reduced to a mere *catalogue raisonné* of the telling points of theatrical companies.

LOPEZ.

A LOVE SONNET,

BY EDWARD NOYCE BROWNE.

Now is my heart Love's tomb, o'er which sad thought
 Doth, willow-like, all melancholy wave ;
 And yet around that life-enshrining grave
 Would memory dwell. Are not the mute tones caught
 From silence, with the soul's own music fraught ?
 Is not the light which gloom and sadness gave,
 All that lost hope could ever care to crave ?
 Heaven writes its loveliness upon the sea,
 And yet those waters cannot leave on shore
 Their beauty, or their joy-moved minstrelsy ;
 Nor can the human soul, which love hangs o'er,
 Leave on Time's strand its melody and light.
 Then marvel not that I should still deplore
 Past hours—which are as days that have no night !

CHAUCER MODERNIZED.

HORNE'S REJOINER TO GRIMES'S DEMURRER.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Terminating here with my Correspondence on CHAUCER MODERNIZED, I have merely to express once more my acknowledgements to your courtesy ; to point to my previous reply as containing all I thought necessary to say on the subject, and, in substance, all I wish to say now (thinking, as I do, that the rejoinder of Mr. Grimes tends, on the whole, to substantiate my previous positions) ; to declare myself very amicably disposed towards J. A. G., making all allowances for the evident soreness of his Parnassian “Behemoth ;” and, moreover, to say that, in deference to the admissible grounds of remonstrance made by him against my proposal to examine *his* specimens of “Chaucer Modernized,” in the *Monthly Magazine*, I cheerfully and respectfully withdraw such proposal.* I might have been half tempted to offer a remark on one or two fresh “slips of the pen,” in his rejoinder ; but the weather just now is so extremely fine in this part of the country, that I e'en prefer to “mount and away,” forgetting all the criticisms that were ever written in the world.

I remain, dear Sir, with all good wishes to you—and to Mr. Grimes also, if he will accept them—your obliged, &c. &c.

R. H. HORNE.

South Staffordshire, March 22, 1841.

* I will only add, that I am very glad to see Mr. Grimes reduced to vexing himself about bad rhymes. Those he gives of mine, are all justifiable in principle and practice, even by so mechanical a thing as the Rhyme Dictionary—several of them are there expressly named. I make it a rule never to give a long succession of perfect rhymes, *i. e.* *vowel* rhymes, because I think it monotonous. I therefore always mix them at *intervals* with imperfect, or half-rhymes—that is, *consonant* rhymes. When the letters are placed all together in a regular list, the bad effect is none of mine. Some people rhyme to the eye ; others to the ear. Besides, ears differ. Some may not like my principle in this matter—others may not perceive it, any more than I can perceive the recondite harmony of such words as *apetible* and *graff*, each terminating a line.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book : who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

POETRY.

Solitary Hours. By Mrs. CAROLINE SOUTHEY, Authoress of "*Ellen Fitzanthur*," &c. &c. &c. Second Edition. Edinburgh : Blackwood. 1839.

THIS little volume has long been lying on our library-table, accusing us eloquently of neglect—for even the covers of books lack not speech : nor can we justify ourselves from the reproach, however keenly it may sting. So much that is beautiful, exquisite, and tender, demands admiration as a right, and is wronged when it is withheld. Mrs. Southey is a poetess, whose effusions are, one and all, pervaded by the spirit of loveliness ; and, although excitive rather of emotion than of thought, are not only read with pleasure, but remembered with profit. We arise from the perusal of her works, and feel that it is indeed a kind of impiety to walk with gloomy brows over an earth which seems decked for joyousness alone. She makes us rejoice in the bright sunshine ; and beguiles us into a belief that happiness has, in spite of all our sin and shame, an abiding place here below. But, alas ! our steps sound mournfully on the pavement of the great city, as the unsatisfactory gaze is prolonged in sorrow—we search for happiness, and are deceived by a shadow ! Man is the greatest enemy to man ; nor stays his fratricidal hand until crimsoned with his brother's blood ! But an exemption from misery—at least from conscious misery—may be obtained even in this world, if you are willing to pay the price : that price, however, few would pay, since who could prefer the laugh of the idiot to the woe that maketh wise ? "Sorrow is better than laughter ; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." Words are these, uttered by the wisest of men, who knew only too well, that the happiness of this world is the happiness of a fool. "Vanity ! vanity ! all is vanity !" Nor is Mrs. Southey ignorant of this truth ; but over even the darker themes of which she has treated, she throws such an atmosphere of faith and hope and charity, that, yielding to its influence, misery seems to smile, despair to become hopeful, and love to reign pre-eminent.

To quote from a book which every lover of true and healthy poetry has or ought to have, would seem a work of supererogation ; else should we transfer the description of the Jew pedlar, Isaac, to our pages—a description which bears evident tokens of being a veritable life-sketch. We could not, however, suffer this sweet little volume to remain any longer unnoticed in the pages of our periodical, without being guilty of a degree of literary turpitude wholly inconsistent with our notions of right and wrong. With such brief salvo, do we bid farewell to our accomplished authoress.

Retrospection, or the Light of Days gone by ; The Lord of the Valley, a Masque ; and other Poems. By the Rev. WILLIAM LIDDIARD. London : Saunders and Otley. 1840.

In poetry many degrees of merit may be allowed. We expect not all poetic aspirants to be Miltons ; and although the critical tribe may not be renowned for seeing with a "too partial eye," yet, for our own parts, we have somewhat of the Dutchman's temperament about us, who, it has been declared, "is always pleased when he is not angry, and always well when he is not ill." So it is with us—we are seldom in a humour for quarrelling with our bread

and cheese; whether the viands be mental or physical. Mr. Liddiard has evidently chosen Rogers and Campbell as his models—two very safe guides for a young poet, so far as elegance and correctness are concerned. The latter author, more especially, is a writer of much chastened beauty and severe taste; but having reached the highest point of excellence in the species of poetry he has adorned with his genius, new poets must tread in less beaten paths, if they would obtain the fame which they envy. Our new wine *must* be put in new bottles; for the public has now attained sufficient cultivation to demand from every fresh author fresh developments of thought, as a justification for writing at all. Erewhile talent was ample enough to secure reputation—now genius languishes without it; ay, genius, which in other times would have exalted its possessor to a place among those whose names descend with honour to remotest generations. Latterly what young poets have met with adequate encouragement? None!

Mr. Liddiard's chief poem of *Retrospection*, is a very poetic amplification of a very poetic theme. It is, however, peculiarly unadapted for partial extracts; and not being willing to do the author the injustice of presenting piecemeal, what should be contemplated as a whole, we shall content ourselves with quoting the opening lines of his production, from which may be formed a tolerably correct estimate of the average merit of the performance:—

“ Winter is past!—the bee is on the wing,
 Seeking new sweets that all around him spring;
 As odours fill the softly breathing gale,
 He takes his way across the blooming vale;
 Embosom'd now within his floral bed,
 Untired, unsated, bathed in sweets his head;
 Till freighted with his wealth, he hums his song,
 And hurries homeward to the busy throng.
 Disburthen'd now he leaves his hoard behind,
 And once more floats upon the scented wind.
 His course he changes; seeking now the hill,
 He hastens upward by the prating rill,
 Delighted fastens on some wild flower's lip,
 Eager the honied treasure there to sip;
 Preparing thus each varied taste to blend;
 Heaping all sweets together, till they lend
 A store against the dark and wintry hour,
 When he no more may wander from his bower;
 When flowers their odour lose, their leaves decay,
 Scarcely remembering that it once was May!
 “ So with the mind of man, when first its flight
 It takes, to day emerging from the night.
 With wing expanded furnish'd for its way,
 It roams on every side, well pleased to stray;
 Busied at morn—at evening to return,
 Leaving behind some gift for memory's urn—
 Memory, who watches o'er and guards each cell,
 Each in its destined place appoints to dwell;
 Adding each day, each hour, to the rich ore,
 His golden mass, though still unfill'd the store!”

As critics ever mix some portion of gall with their sweets, Mr. Liddiard must now excuse us for finding fault with “The Lord of the Valley, a Masque.” It wants both ease and fancy. The blank verse strikes us as being particularly stiff; but there is no accounting for tastes. Among the minor poems, those written in Switzerland appear to us the best—they are

every one good! The others are of various degrees of merit; all, however, being genuine and pure.

Poems and Songs. By JOHN IMLAH. London: Cunningham. 1841.

John Imlah is a poet. His effusions display the sturdy honesty and deep feelings of the stern Briton-mind; and if not always correctly smooth, are ever healthy and strong. Many of his poems are written in the Scotch dialect, which he has managed in a manner which frequently reminds us of Burns. His chief fault lies in occasionally perpetrating an unconscious Scotch rhyme in poems professedly English in subject and diction; but this will easily be forgiven. To many individual pieces, we might, perhaps, likewise take objection, did we not think it an ungrateful task to point out the slight specks that are always to be found on even the purest gold. Good lyrical poetry like this should be encouraged.

Society Organized: an Allegory. By WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GORDON HAKE, Esq. London: Sherwood and Co. 1840.

In another portion of our Crypt we have noticed a strange work on the progress of society, which, with all its absurdities, is at least intelligible; but of the one now before us, we candidly confess, we can make neither head nor tail. William Augustus Gordon Hake, Esq., seems to have formed some theory with regard to the diffusion of knowledge over the whole earth, China and all; which theory he endeavours to develop in a queer sort of blank verse poem, denominated by him an Allegory; though, with him, allegory is, indeed, (as a certain poet says)—

————— “No veil the truth to shroud,
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However, as three other parts have to appear before his poem is completed, it may possibly become clearer as it proceeds.

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A very spirited composition, founded on the freaks of the “mad-cap” son of the “Shepherd-lord” Clifforde. The author has caught a great deal of the melody, which is the peculiar charm of the old ballads; and, notwithstanding we could often wish he had kept a little closer to his models, has succeeded in what he has attempted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Progress and Prospects of Society. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

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There seems to be implanted in the mind of man, a feverish perception

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 A store against the dark and wintry hour,
 When he no more may wander from his bower;
 When flowers their odour lose, their leaves decay,
 Scarcely remembering that it once was May!
 “ So with the mind of man, when first its flight
 It takes, to day emerging from the night.
 With wing expanded furnish'd for its way,
 It roams on every side, well pleased to stray;
 Busied at morn—at evening to return,
 Leaving behind some gift for memory's urn—
 Memory, who watches o'er and guards each cell,
 Each in its destined place appoints to dwell;
 Adding each day, each hour, to the rich ore,
 His golden mass, though still unfill'd the store!”

As critics ever mix some portion of gall with their sweets, Mr. Liddiard must now excuse us for finding fault with “The Lord of the Valley, a Masque.” It wants both ease and fancy. The blank verse strikes us as being particularly stiff; but there is no accounting for tastes. Among the minor poems, those written in Switzerland appear to us the best—they are

every one good! The others are of various degrees of merit; all, however, being genuine and pure.

Poems and Songs. By JOHN IMLAH. London: Cunningham. 1841.

John Imlah is a poet. His effusions display the sturdy honesty and deep feelings of the stern Briton-mind; and if not always correctly smooth, are ever healthy and strong. Many of his poems are written in the Scotch dialect, which he has managed in a manner which frequently reminds us of Burns. His chief fault lies in occasionally perpetrating an unconscious Scotch rhyme in poems professedly English in subject and diction; but this will easily be forgiven. To many individual pieces, we might, perhaps, likewise take objection, did we not think it an ungrateful task to point out the slight specks that are always to be found on even the purest gold. Good lyrical poetry like this should be encouraged.

Society Organized: an Allegory. By WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GORDON HAKE, Esq. London: Sherwood and Co. 1840.

In another portion of our Crypt we have noticed a strange work on the progress of society, which, with all its absurdities, is at least intelligible; but of the one now before us, we candidly confess, we can make neither head nor tail. William Augustus Gordon Hake, Esq., seems to have formed some theory with regard to the diffusion of knowledge over the whole earth, China and all; which theory he endeavours to develope in a queer sort of blank verse poem, denominated by him an Allegory; though, with him, allegory is, indeed, (as a certain poet says)—

——— “No veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud!”

However, as three other parts have to appear before his poem is completed, it may possibly become clearer as it proceeds.

Henrie Clifforde and Margaret Percy; a Poem, in the Ballad Style. London: Longman. 1840.

A very spirited composition, founded on the freaks of the “mad-cap” son of the “Shepherd-lord” Clifforde. The author has caught a great deal of the melody, which is the peculiar charm of the old ballads; and, notwithstanding we could often wish he had kept a little closer to his models, has succeeded in what he has attempted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Progress and Prospects of Society. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

This is a book which we must either laugh at or believe. In its way, it is a perfect curiosity. So extravagant do many of its conclusions appear, that we should decide it to be the production of some hare-brained madman, were there not in every page evidences of cool thought and calm elaboration. Moreover, all its parts are consistent one with another, and the theory, as a whole, is completely intelligible; which is never the case with the vagaries of the maniac or the enthusiast. If the system propounded by the author be not the most instructive, it is at least one of the most amusing we ever examined; and not the less so from the logical acumen which the author continually exhibits. Often, indeed, are we tempted to believe that he is hoaxing his readers, and having a sly laugh at their credulity in his sleeve; but the earnestness of tone that pervades the work, quickly convinces us of his entire sincerity. Besides, there is corn among his chaff; and notwithstanding the numerous absurdities he commits, we occasionally stumble upon sensible observations and shrewd sayings.

There seems to be implanted in the mind of man, a feverish perception

that the present point he has reached is not the highest he can attain; a perception that never deserts him, let him mount as high as he will. What appears to him, at one stage, to be the acme of perfection, is discovered, when he has further advanced, to be only a stepping-stone to something still more desirable. Thus is he led onwards—onwards—onwards—without ever reaching the goal.

A principle somewhat similar to this has guided our nameless theorist on the Progress and Prospects of Society; only he errs egregiously in supposing that anything approaching to *positive* perfection will ever be possible on this earth, unless an immediate dispensation of Divine Providence is vouchsafed to effect the regeneration. Still, as he proceeds to develop his theory very logically, we shall give our readers a slight abstract of its leading features, that they may perceive to what lengths speculation run mad is able to carry even an apparently cool-headed, sensible man.

The work is divided into five parts. The first treats of "The Natural Laws which govern Mankind;" the second, of "The Natural Laws which produce Civilization;" the third, of "The Principles which are gradually melting all the Nations of the Earth into one People;" the fourth, of "The Principles that will eventually render Animal Labour unnecessary, and bring all Ranks to a Level;" and the fifth, which is the crowning one of all, declares, "What the Social State of Mankind will be, when there shall be no longer any Necessity for Human Labour, and when all the Wealth in the World shall be Public Property."

Man, our theorist defines to be a spirit that for a short time is placed in this world, and connected with a machine through which it perceives external things and holds communion with its peers. The Deity, according to him, having resolved to surround his throne with myriads of spirits, did not see fit to create them at once in a perfect state; but determined to enable them to raise themselves progressively from a state of utter darkness to such perfect state. During the first stage of its infancy, the soul is placed in this world, and enabled by the body to develop its faculties, and perceive a few of the things that immediately surround it. The brain gathers the impressions of external objects by means of the five senses. These impressions the brain arranges and presents to the soul. The legs, arms, and other parts of the body are given to the brain, that it may live, and have the means of bringing its five senses to bear upon the things around it. If a man were born without any of the five senses, his spiritual faculties would remain dormant, for the brain, being deficient of organs, could not present any knowledge to his soul. Such a person leaves the world no better than he entered it. The author is in somewhat of a quandary to decide what becomes of the soul of idiots, and those who die in childhood; but is at last disposed to believe, that as these people have not acquired the necessary degree of development in this world, their souls are, after death, again attached to bodies of inferior power, in order that they may again pass through an inferior state of existence.

After the purpose for which the soul and body are joined is accomplished, death separates the soul from a machine which would be of no further use to it in its progress towards perfection. The author honestly confesses that he does not know what becomes of the soul immediately after its separation from the body; but thinks that it is connected with a machine "superior to the body," by means of which it may advance a second stage towards perfection—although he admits that it may, "perhaps," await the judgement day in a state similar to that we are in, when the soul sleeps in order that the body may enjoy a perfect rest.

Having settled all this to his own entire satisfaction, he next treats of "some of the passions which govern mankind in different stages of civilization;" and in the course of his remarks takes occasion to sneer at "that poor old wretch, Diogenes." Then we are presented with some dissertations

“on the passions of animals; the mortality of the passions; the necessity of moral obligations to the happiness of man; and on the feelings.” These dismissed, we arrive at the second part of this delectable treatise.

“Part II.” is by far the most orthodox portion of the work; and although in it we find some queer whim and odd notions, we shall pass it by, to get to “Part III.” From this point, every page makes us absolutely gape with wonderment; and we shall be much deceived if it does not make our readers gape likewise.

Dispersion is the cause of barbarism—centralization, of civilization. Therefore, our author infers that the physical and moral barriers which separate mankind into distinct nations, will gradually be swept away, and all the children of Adam formed into one people. The most distant nations will be brought into daily contact with each other. Machinery will be vastly improved—steam will be applied right and left—we shall have railways millions of miles long, and be able to travel from England to India in a week or less. By means of this general intercourse, all national feelings will subside, national bigotry be obliterated, and men not care a farthing about their native country. The greater states will by degrees swallow up the less; and the progress of events force Great Britain to become a province of some great continental empire. The reasoning with which the author supports the latter proposition is certainly unique: “The Isle of Wight,” he says, “once formed an independent kingdom; but we should think it a very strange anomaly, if she were an independent kingdom now.”

But gradually these leading nations themselves will be deprived of their independence—the fusion of nations will be complete, and only one people and one government exist in the world. War, which is the effect of national independence, must of course cease. The politician will be ousted from his high estate, and national debts will not be known. The support of government being contributed to by all the world, there will be no occasion for levying a heavy duty anywhere. Commerce, of course, will flow in its natural channels, and all fiscal barriers will be broken down. Every country will only raise that sort of wealth which it is best adapted to produce, and the world will thus be divided into immense fields, each and all productive of things “excellent in their kind.”

Of course, as every nation has its metropolis, when there shall be but one nation in the world, a metropolis of the world must arise; which metropolis, our theorist declares, is to contain fifteen thousand millions of inhabitants—to be ten thousand times as large as London—and to occupy a space five times as large as the island of Great Britain. This Behemoth among the cities—in comparison with which London is but a poor, little, petty, contemptible village—a despicable assemblage of huts, which enlightened posterity will sneeze at—is to be seated in Syria. He considers it will be seated in that country, because, as freedom of trade and security of property will be fully established in every part of the world, position can alone be expected to give commercial prosperity; and without the highest commercial prosperity, a capital cannot exist. Hence, as he concludes, from a variety of arguments, Syria and the adjacent countries to occupy the best commercial position, he believes that they are the most likely to become the site of the future metropolis of the world. Says he: “The metropolis of Great Britain is not situated in the Hebrides; then why should we suppose that the metropolis of the world will be situated at an extreme point of the Old World? The capital of the British Empire is not situated in Ireland. Why should we suppose the capital of the world will be situated in America?” Very conclusive, certainly.

One of the natural effects of the fusion of all nations into one, will be the adoption of a universal language. All the languages of the present day becoming so many dead tongues, many of the noble works written in them, and now esteemed immortal, will be forgotten. Shakspeare will no longer

possess "a local habitation or a name;" and Milton, with his "sublime absurdity, *Paradise Lost*," will be obliged to hide his diminished head. The author opines that perhaps some of these works may be translated, but thinks it unlikely. Authors, actors, and musicians, he believes, in consequence of the fusion of nations and languages, will become the most wealthy class in the community. The theatrical star will be enabled to appear in every land, and in every city; while the steam engine will convey him from place to place with the rapidity of lightning. At present, the leading musicians receive but a few hundred pounds for a night's appearance on the boards of our national theatres; but when the population of the earth shall have increased a thousand fold, and steam shall have annihilated distance, they will receive as many hundred thousands.

The people of the earth will all be equally civilized; and barbarism be among the things that were. From the press of population, mankind will be eventually obliged to bring the whole earth into a high state of cultivation. They will cause the most barren deserts to become more fruitful than the richest soils now are. Even if the population are not enabled to reclaim the sands of the desert,—(a feat which the author seems to think far from impossible,)—yet so great will be the skill of man and the power of machinery, that it will be the easiest thing in the world—a trifling labour to be laughed at—to cover them up with the rich soils of other countries. As the population increases, however, men will be obliged to abandon that sort of food which requires a large space for its production, and to have recourse to that which a limited space will yield in greater abundance. First, mankind will abandon meat—then corn—and lastly, live upon roots. Whether potatoes will be the principal food of man or not, the author confesses, (notwithstanding his great talent that way,) he is unable to foresee. Forests, deserts, swamps, hedges, trees, and every other obstruction to the production of the cheap kind of food will disappear. The beast of the field will have no hiding place, and every bird that cannot live on worms or insects become extinct. Wine, spirits, tea, &c. &c. will all be banished, and only sufficient fish be obtained to vary in some degree the root diet.

At last, machinery will throw the whole mass of the people out of employment. Almost everything being done by machinery, the labourers will become a permanently unemployed body; which, of course, will be continually increasing. When steam machinery shall have thus superseded animal labour, the vast unemployed population will have no means of earning their bread. Yet, as they must be supported, a universal poor-rate will be adopted. While the rate-receivers shall continue to be less in number than the rate-payers, they will be obliged to submit to whatever poor laws the latter may choose to introduce. The rate-payers, naturally alarmed at the gradual increase of the poor-rate, will do all in their power to check the pauper population; and, it costing less to maintain men in warm climates than in cold ones, will transport all the paupers to the fairest regions of the earth—will clothe them in uniform—will lodge large masses of them under one roof, and feed them at a public table.

But bye and by, the rate-receivers will become more numerous than the rate-payers—the majority of mankind will be paupers; and, consequently, the paupers must necessarily become all powerful. They will now gradually force the government to increase the rate so much, that out of a property of a thousand a year, the possessor will be only able to retain twenty pounds. At last, the paupers will become the real owners of all the wealth in the world.

The mass having thus obtained the supremacy—private proprietors having disappeared—and human labour having been superseded by machinery, the world will begin to be a holiday-world in good earnest. However, the principle of population having previously forced their numbers up to their means of support, the people will still live in large masses in the finest climates,

and reside in large palaces, where they must have every thing in common. They will surround themselves with the greatest splendour, having luxurious baths at their command, and making their meanest household utensils out of gold. The interiors of their palaces will be "as brilliant as the eye can bear;" while such is to be the improvement of architecture, that it is inevitable but what their exteriors should assume nobler forms than the mind of man has ever yet conceived.

As the earth, being a limited globe, can only yield a certain amount of food, when it shall be fully peopled, it will become necessary to restrain the population. The age of exclusive restrictions having passed away, this can only be done by obliging all to refrain from marriage until they are of a certain age. The author does not know what this certain age is to be, but thinks "it will not be at all late in life." By these means, not only will the population be kept stationary, but disease, our theorist anticipates, will disappear: at any rate, a fair proportion of the habitually unhealthy would die single, and hereditary diseases be gradually extirpated. Thus is the human form to reach its highest perfection and beauty, and to "assume its natural colour;" although whether that colour is to be white, black, red, yellow, or green, we are not informed.

The same principles that will cause all the earth to be employed in producing those vegetables which yield the greatest amount of sustenance, will cause the materials of which dress is now made, to be no longer raised. All the people, therefore, will be obliged to go completely naked. The false modesty which makes us shun nakedness, is, in the opinion of our author, an acquired, not a necessary, feeling. "This prejudice," says he, "affects men in different ways: the savage feels it not—the Mahomedan lady clothes her face and exposes her feet—the European lady, of the eighteenth century, wore a hoop, for fear the world should suspect that she possessed a pair of legs, and wondered at the barbarism of her Eastern sisters; and the old lady, of the nineteenth century, swaddles herself up to the chin, and wonders at the immodest attire of the more youthful daughters of Eve. Moreover, as all the people will be settled in the finest climates, clothing will not be at all necessary; and although "the bloated and diseased carcass which the semi-civilization of the present day condemns the European to inhabit, would be disgusting if exposed, yet what dress could improve the appearance of the free-born savage? When disease and labour shall have left the earth; when the lord of the creation shall be as much superior to the wretched slave of the present day, as a wild horse is to a costermonger's hack: when this period shall have arrived, will not the noblest of God's creatures stand forth in the image of his Maker?—will he not acquire a form, a grace, a bearing, that the poet, the painter, or the sculptor, of the present time, could not even conceive?—and would it not be treason to good taste and common sense, to disfigure such a being with the finest rags that human ingenuity could produce?"

When happiness and equality shall thus have been established among men; when disease, poverty, and wretchedness shall have disappeared; when drunkenness and gluttony shall have become impossible; when mankind shall again walk the earth

"Godlike, erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty;"

when all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war shall be no longer known; men of genius will arise, thick as the stars of heaven, or the sands of the sea shore. We shall possess dramatic poets who will make *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Shakspeare* appear mere pigmies in mind; and epic poems, in the overwhelming blaze of which the productions of *Virgil*, *Homer*, and *Milton* will seem little better than the despicable attempts of Lilliputian verse-mongers. As literature, the arts and sciences,

the administration of public affairs, the pulpit, the stage, and the rostrum will be the only paths to distinction, all will press into these avenues, hoping to obtain fame. Thus shall we have thousands of Homers, thousands of Virgils, thousands of Miltons, thousands of Shaksperes, and thousands of Newtons. But as it will be impossible to remember the names of such a vast assemblage, or to read or examine their works and wondrous achievements—only the giants in mind, the mighty men, who, like Ben Jonson's Sejanus,

— “ At each step feel their advanced heads
Knock out a star in heaven,”—

will have any chance of being remembered. However, this will not be of any great consequence; for as everything will be in common, and everybody lodged, fed, clothed—(we forgot—they are all to go naked)—loss of bread or roots will not follow loss of fame. So everybody will be as happy as the day is long, and the earth once again become a Paradise.

Thus anticipating the disappearance of evil and misery—of bigotry and fanaticism—of brutality and ignorance—the author triumphantly throws down his pen, and we come to the two unpretending words which purport that we have reached

“ THE END.”

We were going to assert that these two words were the only sensible ones in the book; but happening to perceive the inscription, “*Blatch and Lambert, Printers, Grove Place, Brompton*,” beneath them, we were obliged to alter our opinion.

Yet, notwithstanding all his confidence in his own wisdom, and power of foresight, the author has a slight glimmering notion that his reader may perhaps be sufficiently ignorant, illiberal, unjust, wicked, or foolish to laugh at him, and is, therefore, ready with his retort.

“The feelings,” says he, “which make us believe that nothing can ever much surpass the things which we have been in the habit of meeting with, induce us to regard the results of the above calculation,* with incredulity. The same feelings would make a savage shake his sagacious head, if he were told of the extent and populousness of the British metropolis.” Indeed! Undoubtedly they would. We may see double, certainly; but it seems to us that there is a wide distinction between the two cases. If we were to tell a savage of the extent and populousness of London, we should be speaking of *facts* which our five senses had witnessed; and the savage having full evidence of our veracity in other matters, would have no right “to shake his sagacious head” at our account. When he did so, we might say, “Here’s a ship, and a passage at your service—come and see!” But when a parcel of out-of-the-way speculations are brought to us concerning remote futurity, and resting upon no other ground than one individual’s personal opinion, we have surely a right to doubt, to question, and to disbelieve. It is strange how theorists manage to overlook such *very* obvious distinctions.

Our author is continually sneering at the civilization of the present day, and perhaps not without reason. We are ourselves inclined to condemn it as a sign and a show—as being a species of refined barbarity. Yet while we and our periodical remain on the right side of Bedlam, we shall never think of subscribing to such vagaries as these of which our author is guilty. However, this book can be safely left to the judgment of posterity. When there shall be only one nation on the earth—when its gigantic metropolis shall arise—when men and women shall cease to be ashamed of their nakedness—and when all the other good things he foretells come to pass,—then

* Of the size of the metropolis of the world.

will our theorist be revered as a prophet, and receive honour and oblation. But if all his speculations should indeed prove "airy nothings," both he and his book will very quietly sink into the deep waters of oblivion. At all events, the less we pester our brains with these matters at present, the greater will be our chance of never sporting a strait waistcoat. The part of the wise shall be ours—if possible.

TOPOGRAPHICAL HISTORY.*

History is made up of little things, which only become great when taken in connection one with the other. Surprising is it to perceive from what small causes the most important revolutions in the affairs of nations have arisen, and to what slight circumstances they have owed their success. Many of them might, at any stage of their progress, have been destroyed by a breath, and yet they prospered. It is now pretty certain, that if Louis the Sixteenth had been a little less scrupulous, the French Revolution would never have occurred; and if Bonaparte had been a little less obstinate, he would not have died a prisoner at St. Helena. Very often the fate of a people has depended upon one manifestation of personal character in the ruler—their well-being been staked on the utterance of one little word, which should have power to produce either the blight or the sunshine.

Vain, however, is the attempt to trace the fine threads which link together apparently unimportant incidents until they produce some mighty consummation in general histories of nations. A perception that there is more than meets the eye in every political event, has gradually been gaining ground with the reading public. Hence has originated a new pursuit; and the "secret histories" of the several epochs of our progress have been diligently investigated, but with no very good result. Such of these works as relate to the events of the last fifty years have been justly characterized as being unwarrantable breaches of confidence in the persons concerned in their production, and those of an earlier date have had only the effect of raising indiscriminate doubts, without giving the least particle of certainty in exchange.†

But there is another and more unexceptionable method of obtaining a clearer insight into past events, by the encouragement of topographical inquiries. This may not appear, at first sight, to be so fruitful a field as the other, yet it will do more than repay the labourer. It has, at any rate, the advantage of being honest, and of not rendering it necessary for its votaries to trample on the private charities of life, which should ever be kept holy. Considering how much in ancient times the barons were tied to their feudal estates, it is surely likely that the researches of the antiquary will be more productive of sound and correct information than the letters of some palace Abigail; and although modern events and characters may not meet his scrutiny, perhaps it is better for all parties that private actions and motives should be buried in obscurity. Happy, indeed, would that man be, who could with impunity allow himself to be stripped of the disguise, which every one in this world is obliged to assume, and exhibited as he really is. To err is human, and every man shrinks from so unprincipled an exposure.

It must be owned, however, though much collateral information may be

* The History and Description, with Graphic Illustrations, of Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire, the Seat of the Earl of Essex. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. London: published by the Author, Burton-street. 1838.

† It is, however, only justice to add that there are some few exceptions to the censure conveyed in the above sentence; but it is certainly the duty of every writer to record his condemnation of many works which have appeared as secret Histories.

gained by the means of topography, to the enlightenment of many obscure portions of general history, that it chiefly assists the geographer and geologist. "Topography," says Mr. Britton, "is the associate of geography, geology, natural history, and archæology. That it is entitled to the unprejudiced attention of men of learning and taste, may be inferred from the fact, that a Walpole, a Whitaker, a Warton, a Blore, a Gage, a White, a Scott, a Todd, a Hunter, a Baker, and many other authors, have by their labours in this branch of literature secured fame to themselves, and conferred it also on the respective localities which their writings are intended to illustrate. That this science is worthy of diligent and skilful prosecution, will be readily admitted by every person of liberal and cultivated mind; for it brings into comparative light and life, long-lost, dark and neglected events, and persons of former ages. It is a mirror reflecting the men and manners, the customs, conditions, and states of society of our ancestors through all the revolutions of time; showing to the mind's eye the aboriginal natives of the soil, as well as the other varied classes and nationality of people who successively waged war against them, and against each other. By recording the remote annals of the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Northmen, and other clans and dynasties, who alternately wielded the sceptre of the whole or portions of our island, it supplies important aids to our national history, and both tends to enhance its value and give it permanence. On these grounds, and others which might be adduced, the author ventures to advocate the utility, with the capability of topography; and although every district cannot involve the whole of its elements, there is scarcely any town or parish in Great Britain but contains within its area many of them, and affords ample matter for the investigation and exercise of the discriminating talents of the local historians. The natural surface of the earth, and its scenic features, the geology, and the varied effects resulting from the cultivation of the soil—the civil, military, and religious vestiges which some of its occupants have left behind them—are so many branches and ramifications of the topographic tree."

Not only is topography thus useful, for indeed if this were all, it would hardly attain the elevated stand among the sciences which its followers wish it to obtain, but it likewise makes us acquainted with the *true* progress of civilization in the land. We are too fond of viewing our advancement in the aggregate, although by so doing we can scarcely fail to mislead ourselves. That our present civilization is delusive, every thing proclaims, and the fact was admitted by the last number of the *British and Foreign Review*, or *European Quarterly Journal*. It is a false civilization, simply because it is a partial one; and while it remains partial cannot be other than insecure. It decks the roof and the walls of the social edifice with a dazzling splendour, but leaves the foundation to rot. *The progress of the working classes has not been commensurate with the elevation gained by their richer brethren.* They have perceived the inequality, and the result is chartism.

Here, then, is the immense value of well-written topographical works, that they enable us to test our civilization a little in detail, and perceive the local effects which have been produced by it. And if such an examination proves, that in many localities in England (and those important ones too) the lower orders are both intellectually and spiritually little better than heathens, what decision are we to pronounce on our present civilization? We are afraid that after all it can only be described as a refined barbarity.

Tracing the career of any parish, town, or city, in England, from its primitive state, under the Saxons, to its present condition, what do we behold? A continued general, physical, and mental improvement? No. The affluent became gradually more luxurious, and perhaps more intellectual, but the labouring man still remained the same. Those above him became wiser, but he still remained ignorant—those above him became richer, but he still

remained poor. Thus it might have gone on for ever, if mankind had not been all of one family, or if Nature had distributed her gifts unequally. But Nature did not so; and if the labourer had not store of knowledge, he notwithstanding possessed a heart that could feel disgrace, and a head that could reason upon his wrongs. Thus arose misdirected envy of, and disaffection to, those who, though guiltless of the injustice, were suspected by the unenlightened sufferer. The remedy for the evil is religion and education.

If inquiries into the past and present state of different localities had been more extensively encouraged and pursued, we should have earlier awakened to a sense of the overwhelming importance of education; for it is hardly credible that we could have allowed so many millions of the real supporters of the nation's glory to continue in this fearful ignorance, had we been fully aware of its extent and probable consequences. Certainly a silly notion has got abroad that the ignorance of the lower orders secures the pre-eminence of the higher, but it is in great measure an error. Although knowledge may be able to load ignorance with chains, yet it should be remembered that such a prisoner is a chained, and what is worse, a blind Samson. Watch, lest a more deadly revenge than that of Samson be taken!

Wrongs ever produce a spirit of resistance. It is vain to rely on any presumed weakness of the injured, for resolution brings strength. War and bloodshed have been occasioned too often by the neglect of this maxim—let us hope the folly will not again be repeated.

We have offered these remarks, *en passant*, concerning the good which extended local inquiries might effect, because we think sufficient attention in detail has not been given to the state of our island, both morally and physically. We are great advocates for the extension of topographical* investigations, and shall be glad to give to all such every encouragement in our power. The work, whose title we have transcribed at the foot of this article, is not an unfair specimen of this branch of literature. Mr. Britton's *Cassiobury* is deserving of all praise, not only for its historical but its pictorial excellence. It is from the preface to this work that we have quoted the remarks on topography a little way back.

On the Deformities of the Chest and Spine, illustrated with Plates. By WILLIAM COULSON. Longman and Co. Second Edition.

On the Diseases of the Hip Joint, with Observations on Affections of the Joints in the Puerperal State, with Plates. By WILLIAM COULSON. Longman and Co. Second Edition. 1841.

Mr. Coulson has done great service to the profession and the public by the publication of these works. The diseases they treat of are perhaps the most intricate, obstinate, and unhappily the most frequent of all the organic class. The extensive reading and diversified practice of our author, have enabled him to throw a great variety of new illustrations over surgical cases of this nature; and he has given us his interesting information in a style so lucid and concise, that we are not at all surprised at the popularity these books have attained. Most medical works are so technical, and slangish, that unprofessional and uninitiated readers turn from them with disgust. Our author, on the other hand, makes the dry subject of bones anything but dry. He possesses Paley's knack of conveying a great deal of anatomical knowledge in plain English. This is no small triumph, for *maxima ars celare artem*. It is not every man who, like Dr. Paris, can make philosophy in sport, science in earnest. Mr. Coulson has illustrated the disorders of which he writes by numerous engravings, and lets us into the horrible mysteries of disorganization without the trouble of walking hospitals, &c. The ladies

* It will be perceived that we use this word in its most extended signification.

ought to be particularly obliged to him, for he has devoted several of his chapters to the mischiefs arising from tight stays and other fashionable absurdities, by which the fair sex is incessantly martyred. We will not alarm the amiable innamoratas that peruse our pages, with Mr. Coulson's graphic details on these topics, but we heartily recommend them, if labouring under any symptomatic affections, to read this doctor's books without further delay. They will therein very possibly discover both the cause and cure of their complaints; and, if they are sensible folks, take—what all medical men are so particularly desirous to bestow—advice.

Illustrations of Pilgrim's Progress. By THOMAS GILKS. Ward, Paternoster-row.

We are glad to find that the ingenuity of Mr. Gilks is neither dead nor sleeping. He is a most promising wood engraver, possessing great originality of design and nicety of delineation. These illustrations of our old friend Bunyan are excellent, and not unworthy the hand that illustrated Mackay's *Thames and its Tributaries*.

Phonography, or Writing by Sound, being a Natural Method of Writing, applicable to all Languages, and a Complete System of Short-hand. By J. PITMAN. Bagster and Son.

The most concise and philosophic of all the plans of stenography.

Hints on the Art of Teaching, especially as applied to Modern Languages, Music and History. Addressed to Parents and Teachers. Rivington. 1841.

This pretty little book will well reward an hour's perusal. The suggestions it contains are some of them original, and all of them important.

The East Indian Year Book for 1840. (Under the Superintendence of the East Indian Society.) London: Allen and Co. 1841.

To those interested in our East Indian possessions, worth its weight in gold.

Stories of the Animal World; arranged so as to form a Systematic Introduction to Zoology. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. London: Darton and Clark. 1841.

Exceedingly well compiled, and will, undoubtedly, prove attractive to those who are anxious to procure books, which shall amuse, while they instruct, the rising generation.

The Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France. By a TRAVELLER. London: Fraser. 1841.

Notwithstanding its somewhat intemperate dedication, is a book that deserves and will procure public attention.

Two Years before the Mast; A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. London: Moxon. 1841.

A reprint of a very interesting American work, to which perhaps we may recur.

Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements; embracing Conversations on History, and the Productions of Nature in different Countries. By A CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW. London: Darton and Clark. 1841.

Sound, moral, and entertaining.

The Hermit and the Child, or a Sequel to the Story without an End. By C. M. London: Darton and Clark.

An exquisitely poetical little thing. The *Story without an End*, translated by Mrs. Austin, can hardly be surpassed; but this is in every way worthy of a place by its side.

The Forester's Offering. By SPENCER T. HALE, a native of Sherwood Forest. Whittaker & Co.

A very pretty book, nicely illustrated, consisting of sketches in prose and verse, including a life of Robin Hood.

The Rev. Father Baron GERAMB's *Journey from La Trappe to Rome*, published by Dolman, New Bond-street, is interesting as a Romish Apostolical's view of the state of Continental Opinion.

GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

"LONDON ASSURANCE," AND "THE EMBASSY."

SINCE our last, two new plays have been produced at Covent Garden Theatre: the one by a new and the other by an old *hand*. We use the word advisedly, for verily there is more of the cunning of the handicraftsman in both than the inspiration of genius. The young hand, in *London Assurance*, has proved himself qualified for illustrating his title; for it is the gay and not altogether disagreeable assurance about it, that raises and keeps up a laugh, and puts the audience in good humour with itself; which condition of mind reacts favourably on the piece. With the exception of this lively dash, the author confesses that he has little to claim on the score of literary merit. His style, unencumbered with either satire or polish, but, on the contrary, endued with a coarse and broad tendency to caricature, pleased the management of the theatre, and consequently the author (then passing as Mr. Lee Moreton) was engaged to join in the word-portion of a comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews presiding most diligently as to all the telling parts with audiences, and two experienced hacks afterwards planing, turning and polishing it, until it was brought up to the mark. The new article was then turned out as a spick and span new comedy; and its smartness, its neatness, and the elegance of the fittings, has secured it a run with the public. The plot has been given so frequently, that we will not repeat it; and think it has been very fairly criticised by a friend, "You may go and see it once, but it will bear repetition as little as reflection."

The *Embassy*, which is by the old "hand," Mr. Planché, was all but a failure; and very forcibly illustrates the assertion, that there are no worse judges of what will please than theatrical hacks. This gentleman has spent nearly half a life in adapting and preparing dramas for the stage; and now produces a play, which one of the best of the many critics tells us was so obscure that it could not be comprehended, and that there was not the slightest interest attaching to any of the characters, although the story was one capable of powerful developement, and calculated to excite a deep and continuous interest. The pertinacious attempt, however, of a few individuals to prevent its being heard to the conclusion, is utterly unjustifiable; and, we trust, that the time will come when such an effort will be considered a breach of the peace (not of the piece). Every literary production should be judged of as a whole, and allowed fully to develope itself. No disapprobation should be shown until the close, and then judgement should be awarded decisively. Hissing is a barbarism as unmanly as it is unjust: such strong indignation should be reserved for what is contrary to good manners or sound morals.

SIR ROBERT PEEL—THE TAMWORTH READING-ROOM— AND THE PUSEYITES.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has instituted a Reading-room at Tamworth, and accompanied it with a speech, calculated to make the heart of our Syncretist leap with unutterable joy. The Editor of this Magazine is no Syncretist—though the “*Britannia*” newspaper persists in asserting that he is—but a pure Catholic, deriving everything from an Eternal Unity, and following it into an Eternal Unity again. Nevertheless, he sympathizes most strongly with all truth-loving spirits, who wish to associate with similar minds in the bonds of peace; and is, therefore, willing to help their endeavours to the full extent of his ability, in the hope that, ultimately, they may be thereby enabled to scale the most transcendental elevations, and soar no middle flight above the Aonian mount. A similar condescension seems to have been made by Sir Robert Peel, as a practical man, in opening a Reading-room at Tamworth, expressly founded on the principle, that within it men of all dispositions and all creeds might find a common ground of agreement. Wise and prudent as this course of proceeding evidently becomes in these times, the honourable baronet has been attacked, in the columns of those other “*Times*,” that take the lead in all journalism. A certain morning paper has, accordingly, compromised itself with Puseyism, just in the moment when that same piece of pedantry was on the eve of being denounced by the University of Oxford, and repudiated by the great body of the Church of England.

Our opinion upon this modern heresy has been already expressed in an early number of this Magazine, in a long article, under the title of, “Tracts for the Times impartially and dispassionately considered.” We pronounce that article to be unanswerable; in evidence of which, though it has been republished and is well known to the Oxford schismatics, no answer has been attempted thereto. These men are afraid, forsooth, that Reading Rooms and Individual Intelligence should substitute an established church and authorized teachers. Poor weak and timorous souls! The church of the Christ is built on a rock, and the powers of hell shall not prevail against it! This, however, is scriptural doctrine; and these Pedants prefer the voice of tradition in a certain corrupted church. The Bible, they say, is the *Record* only of revelation, and the tradition of the church aforesaid is its interpreter. True, the Bible is such record—but is the tradition *more*? They say, yes. False assumption! The spirit in the believer is the only interpreter of both—the Spirit of God witnessing with the Spirit of Man is the sole authority for the meaning both of Scripture and of Tradition. Every Christian is a Church; and the catholic church, temporally considered, is the union of all such churches in one; eternally considered, it is their origin—the heavenly Jerusalem, which is the Mother of us All.

J. A. H.

[The “Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence” are unavoidably deferred this month.]